

AUGUST No.17

10c

ANC

T-MAN



WORLD WIDE TROUBLE-SHOOTER

RED

TRIGGERMAN



**Out of the shadows came this killer...a fiend
with a gun whose bullet none could escape!**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

AMAZING OFFER

FIRE!

100 FOREIGN STAMPS from all corners of the world

GUARANTEED WORTH \$1.00 AT STANDARD CATALOG PRICES

and Souvenir of World's Rarest Stamp

RUSH coupon at once. We'll send you by return mail this gigantic offer — 100 stamps from Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, Near East and Far East. **GUARANTEED WORTH \$1.00** at Standard Catalog prices. No telling what you'll find. **NO COST TO YOU!**

VALUABLE SURPRISES

These valuable stamps are all genuine — unpicked and unsorted. We just scoop them out of sacks we receive from foreign missionaries, banks, etc., and rush them into packets for you.

There are beautiful big pictorials, commemoratives — stamps from great empires and tiny republics. You'll find wild animals, far-off places and famous people on these wonderful stamps — even some from "iron-curtain" countries. Since no one has examined them, you may even find real hidden treasures, worth **REAL MONEY**.

MAIL COUPON NOW

Yes, we'll rush this wonderful offer that gives you 100 stamps from **EVERYWHERE**, plus a beautiful, souvenir of World's Rarest Stamp in color, **PLUS** our illustrated booklet "Stamp Collector's Guide" — **FREE**, if you act **AT ONCE!** Other valuable offers also included for your **FREE** inspection! If coupon is clipped, send to: **GARCELON STAMP CO., Dept. 5-QC, Calais, Maine.**

PLUS

BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR OF THE WORLD'S RAREST STAMP IN COLOR

Here is a treat indeed — and exclusive with us! Only here can you get this handsome, new folder with the fascinating, story and reproduction of the World's Rarest Stamp. You'll be the envy of all who see it. Ideal for display in your album, or for framing to brighten up your room.

Here you will read about how an English schoolboy, in 1873, discovered this rarest of all stamps in covered its value, and finally how it came to be valued at \$50,000 today! Yet this beautiful reproduction and the fascinating story is all yours **FREE** with this historic offer! This Limited Edition offer may have to be withdrawn soon, so don't miss this chance. **MAIL COUPON TODAY.**

ACT NOW! WHILE SUPPLY LASTS

ALSO FREE!

Valuable illustrated **STAMP COLLECTOR'S GUIDE** — tells how to start a collection, where to find rare stamps, where to collect, how to buy and sell stamps, and other helpful hints, will also be sent **FREE**, if you act **NOW!**



GET ALL 3 FREE

GARCELON STAMP CO., Dept. 5-QC, Calais, Maine

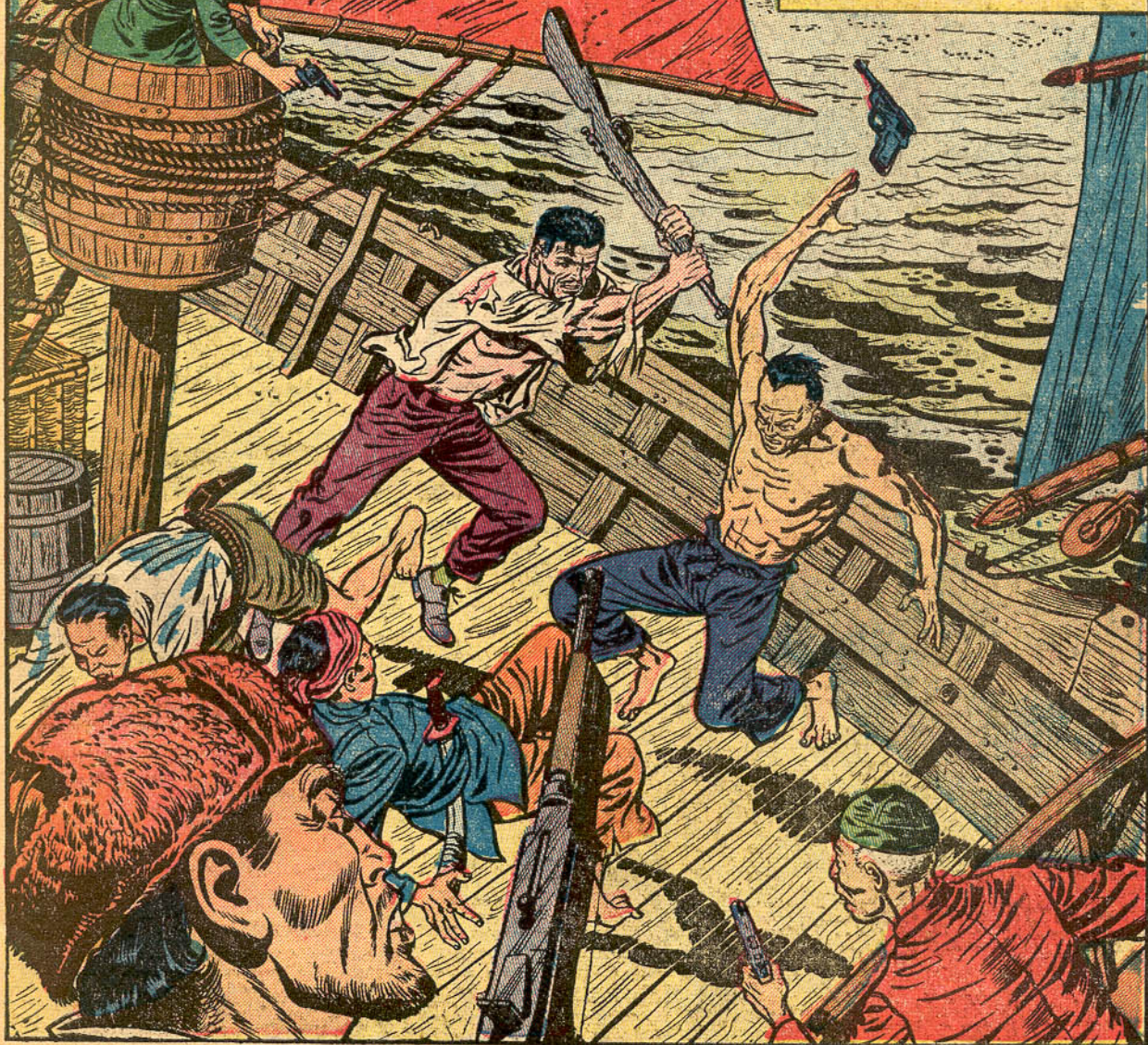
Rush me **FREE** 100 FOREIGN Stamps, Rarest Stamp Souvenir and **STAMP COLLECTOR'S GUIDE**.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

T-MAN

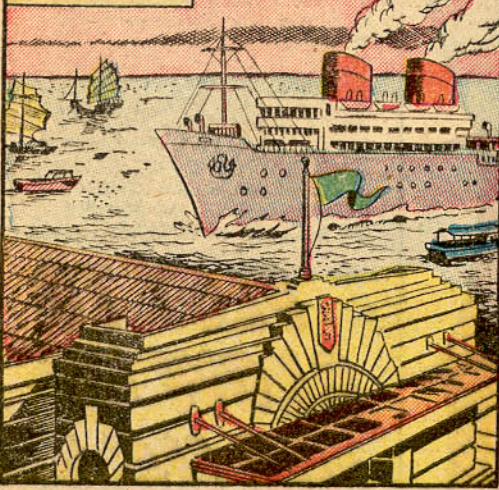
SINGAPORE IS THE MELTING POT OF THE ORIENT... BUT IT'S ALSO THE PEPPER POT OF INTRIGUE AND DANGER! HERE, IN THIS EXOTIC SETTING, PETE TRASK, TREASURY TROUBLE-SHOOTER, COMES FACE-TO-FACE WITH AN "EVIL EYE"... AND A MYSTERIOUS ENEMY PROJECT CALLED "OPERATION BLOWUP!" THE FATE OF THE LARGEST AMERICAN CITIES DEPENDED UPON HIS FAILURE OR SUCCESS IN SOLVING...

The PLOT TO BLOW UP THE U.S.A.

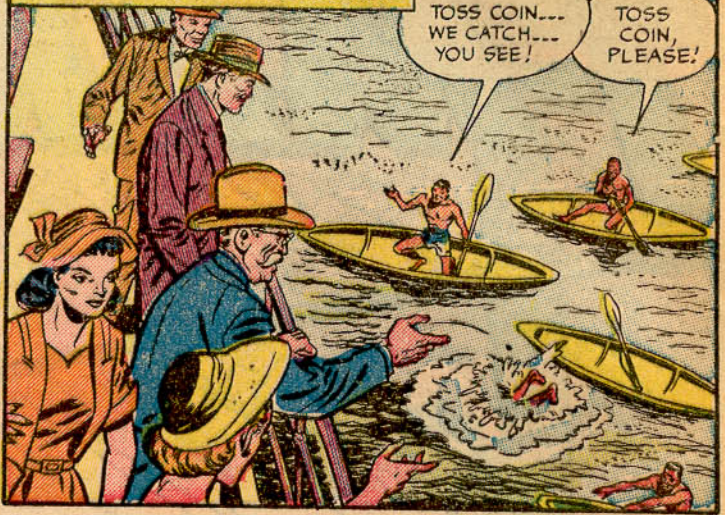


T-MAN

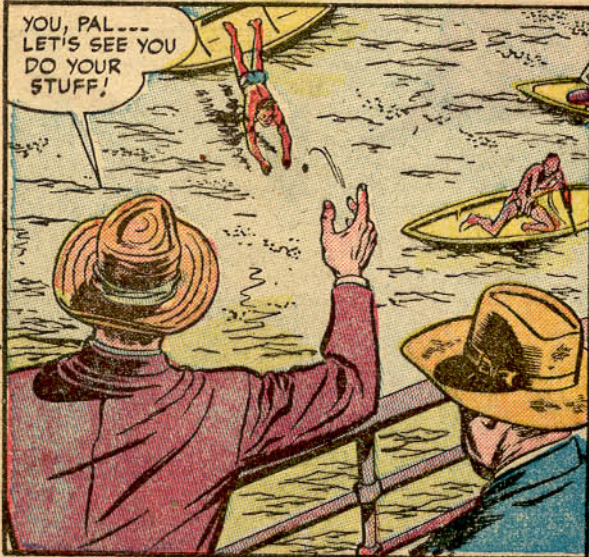
NOT LONG AGO, A SLEEK LINER DOCKED AT SINGAPORE, STRATEGIC DEMOCRATIC BASE OF MALAYA...



ON DECK, A LEAN, SINEWY MAN WATCHED THE COIN DIVERS CALLING UP TO THE PASSENGERS...



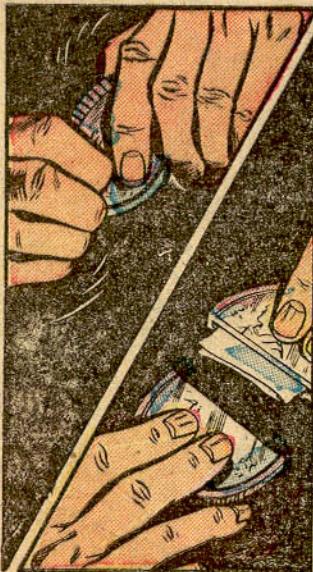
YOU, PAL... LET'S SEE YOU DO YOUR STUFF!



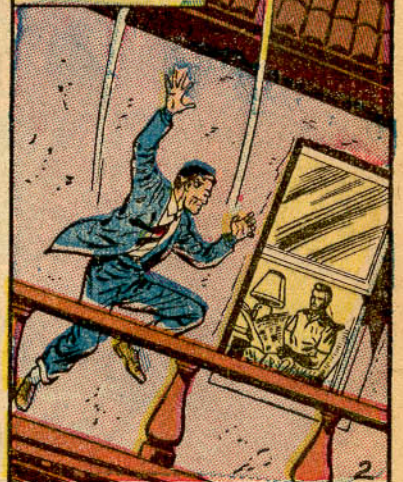
NICE GOING! NOW YOU'RE A HALF-A-BUCK RICHER!

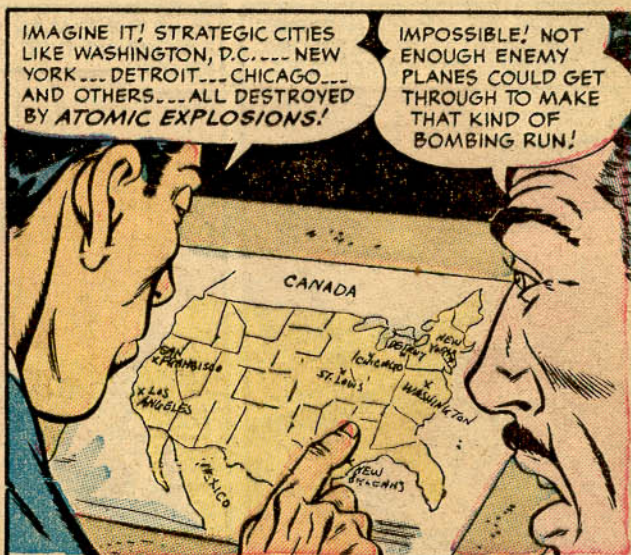


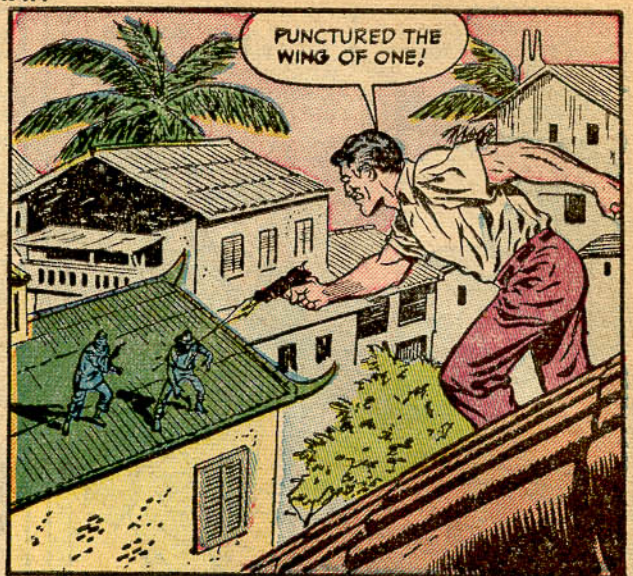
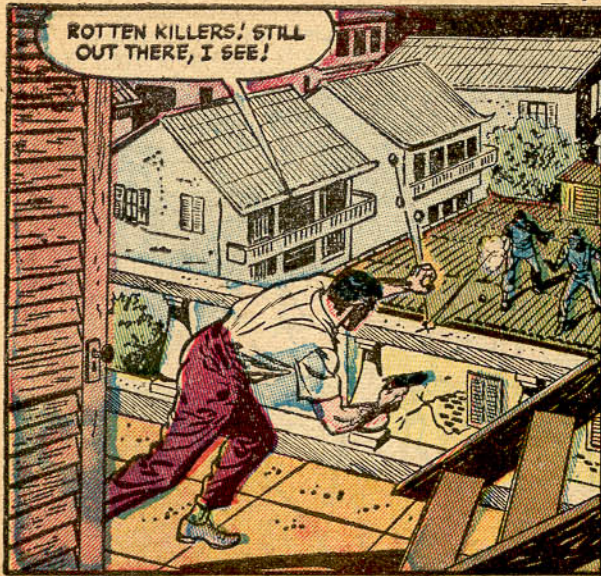
LATER, IN THE SHADOWS, THE COIN DIVER TWISTED THE HALF-DOLLAR... TO UNCOVER A CLEVERLY CONCEALED MESSAGE IN ITS HOLLOW INTERIOR!



THAT NIGHT, THE NATIVE DROPPED CATLIKE TO THE BALCONY AT THAT HOTEL ROOM...



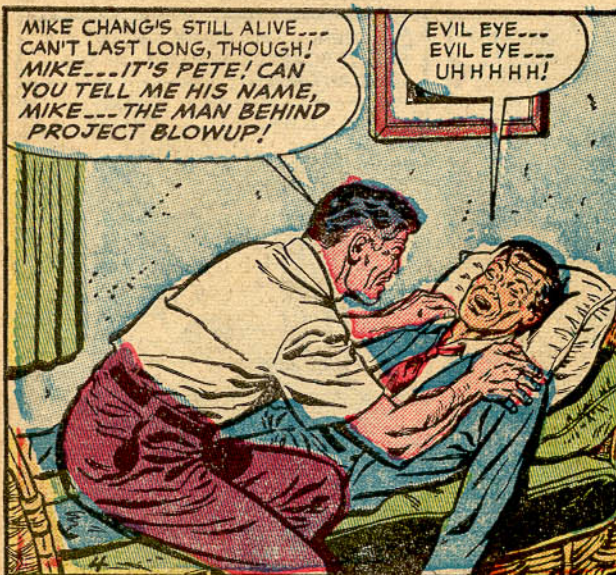
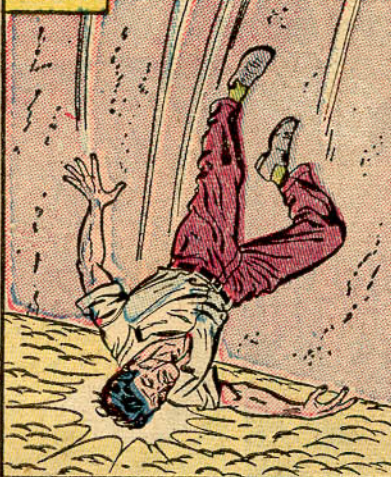




THEN, THE UNFORESEEN HAPPENED! A STRAY BULLET FROM THE FALLING GUN JARRED LOOSE A BIT OF TILING...

AND THE T-MAN DROPPED WITH A SICKENING THUD TO THE ALLEY BELOW!

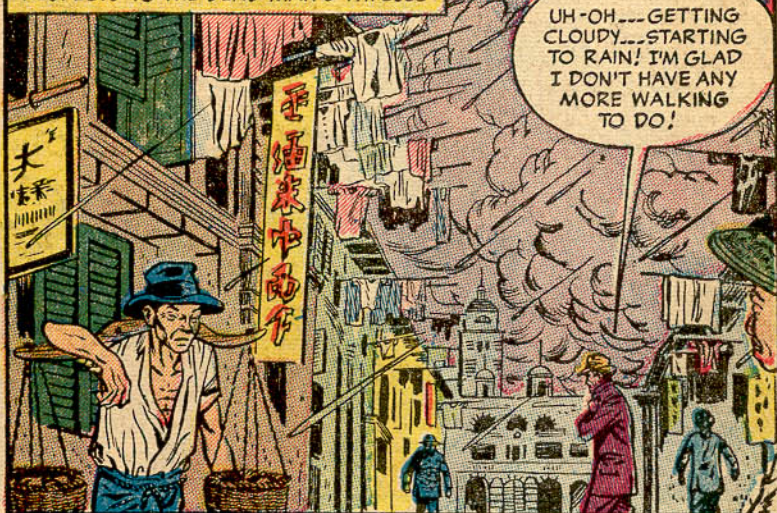
BUT HIS SUPERBLY CONDITIONED BODY RECOVERED MINUTES LATER...



YET, MIKE WAS CHINESE! I WONDER IF IN HIS DYING MOMENTS HE REVERTED TO THE SUPERSTITIONS OF HIS ANCESTORS!



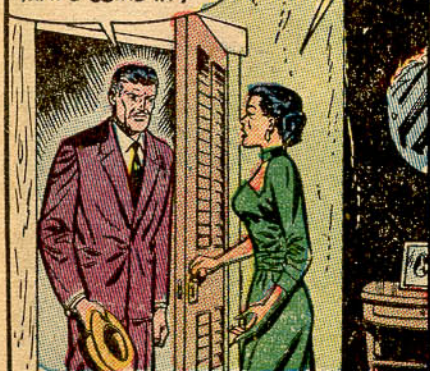
THE DAY AFTER MIKE CHANG'S FUNERAL, PETE TRASK WENT TO PAY HIS RESPECTS TO THE DEAD MAN'S WIFE...



SOON AFTER...

MRS. CHANG, WE'VE NEVER MET, BUT I WAS MIKE'S CO-WORKER IN THE DEPARTMENT! I'M PETE TRASK! MAY I COME IN?

TRASK... OH... OH, YES... COME IN, PLEASE!



I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SEARCH YOUR PLACE! MIKE MAY HAVE HIDDEN A VITAL CLUE TO AN ASSIGNMENT WE WERE WORKING ON!

SEARCH... PLACE? UH... OF COURSE! GO AHEAD... DON'T MIND ME! I-I'LL FINISH MY LAUNDRY!



TRASK'S ALERT EYES NOTED THE WOMAN'S STRANGE MANNER, AND SOMETHING ELSE...

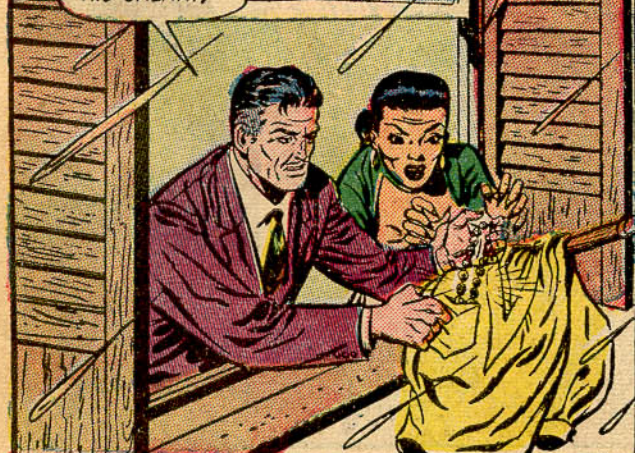
STRANGE YOU SHOULD BE PUTTING THAT BLOUSE OUT ON THE LAUNDRY POLE TO DRY... WHEN IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!

I...I...

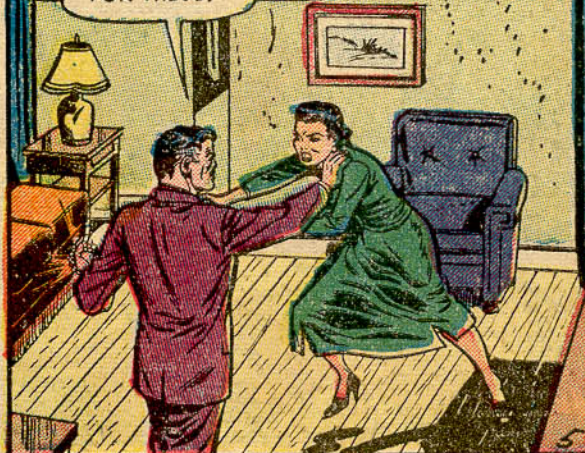


NICE WAY OF TRYING TO HIDE THEM OUTSIDE, WHILE I SEARCHED INSIDE! PHEW... WHAT SPARKLERS! MIKE COULDN'T AFFORD THESE ON HIS SALARY!

THEY'RE MINE! GIVE THEM TO ME!



I GET THE PICTURE NOW! ONLY YOU... HIS WIFE... WOULD'VE KNOWN HE WAS MEETING ME! AND YOU SOLD THAT INFORMATION TO THE ENEMY... FOR THESE!





QUITE RIGHT, OLD CHAP! AND YOU'RE JOLLY WELL LOOKING AT THE BUYER OF THAT VITAL NEWS!

ENGLISH HARRY!

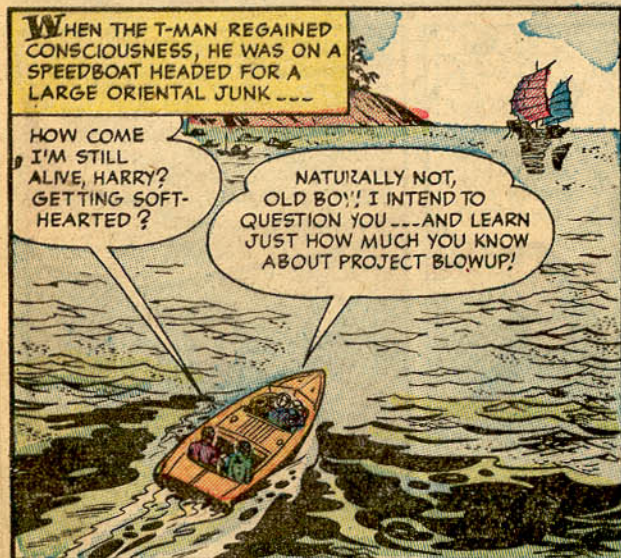


THE LAST TIME I RAN INTO YOU, YOU WERE HIJACKING PENICILLIN SHIPMENTS TO SICK KIDS! YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A RAT!

WE'LL TRADE COMPLIMENTS ANOTHER TIME! BASH HIM, LOTUS!



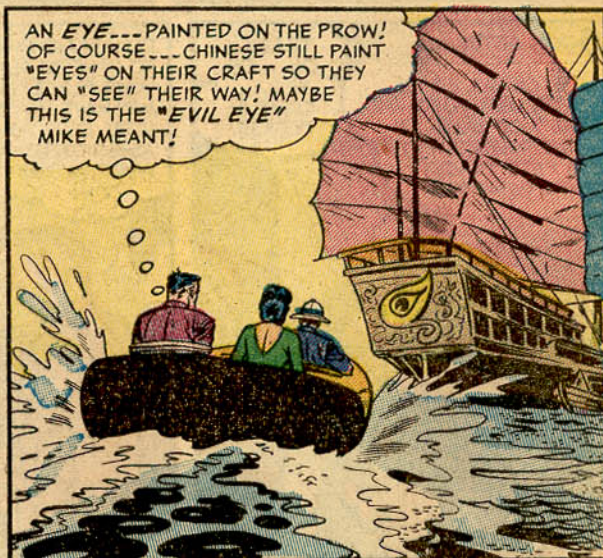
DECIDEDLY GOOD JOB, OLD GIRL! GOT HIM NEATLY!



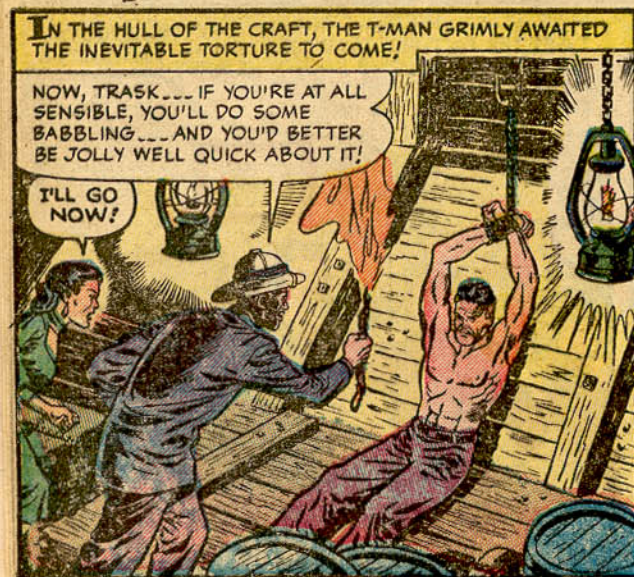
WHEN THE T-MAN REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, HE WAS ON A SPEEDBOAT HEADED FOR A LARGE ORIENTAL JUNK ---

HOW COME I'M STILL ALIVE, HARRY? GETTING SOFT-HEARTED?

NATURALLY NOT, OLD BOY! I INTEND TO QUESTION YOU --- AND LEARN JUST HOW MUCH YOU KNOW ABOUT PROJECT BLOWUP!



AN EYE... PAINTED ON THE PROW! OF COURSE... CHINESE STILL PAINT "EYES" ON THEIR CRAFT SO THEY CAN "SEE" THEIR WAY! MAYBE THIS IS THE "EVIL EYE" MIKE MEANT!



IN THE HULL OF THE CRAFT, THE T-MAN GRIMLY AWAITED THE INEVITABLE TORTURE TO COME!

NOW, TRASK... IF YOU'RE AT ALL SENSIBLE, YOU'LL DO SOME BABBLING... AND YOU'D BETTER BE JOLLY WELL QUICK ABOUT IT!

I'LL GO NOW!



THAT MONOCLE! ORIENTALS USED TO CALL MONOCLES "EVIL EYES"! SO IT'S ENGLISH HARRY! HE'S PROJECT BLOWUP'S SECRET BOSS!



HARRY, YOU'RE A NICE GUY IN YOUR PLACE, BUT THEY HAVEN'T DUG IT YET!



NOW...IF I CAN MANAGE...TO SNAG THAT TAPER...



AND HOLD IT UP HERE...LIKE THIS!



ONCE FREE, THE T-MAN WAS READY FOR ANY KIND OF ACTION!

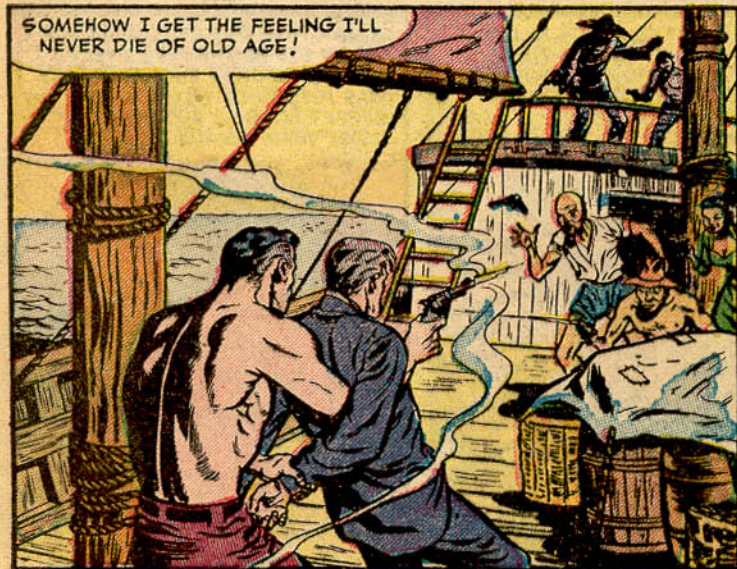
ON YOUR FEET, HARRY...WE'RE GOING FOR A SWIM!



BUT OUTSIDE, A WARY SENTRY BELLOWED A WARNING CRY...

AIEEE! THE AMERICAN!

AT LEAST I TRIED...



SOMEHOW I GET THE FEELING I'LL NEVER DIE OF OLD AGE!



LET'S MOVE, HARRY...I'M GOING TO GET YOU BACK TO LAND OR DIE TRYING! MOVE...OVER THE SIDE!

SUDDENLY, THE SHARP CRACK OF A RIFLE... AND HARRY SAGGED LIFELESSLY!

UH H H H H!

CRACK!

ANOTHER SHOT... AND LOTUS JOINED HARRY IN DEATH!

WHAT...?!!

ALL RIGHT, SIR... BETTER HOP ABOARD MY CRAFT WHEN I COME ALONGSIDE! I'LL KEEP THE JUNK'S CREW AT BAY!

FORTUNATELY FOR YOU I HAPPENED TO BE CRUISING BY AND SAW YOU WERE IN TROUBLE! TWO WELL PLACED SHOTS WERE ENOUGH TO FRIGHTEN THAT CREW!

MY NAME IS GURIK... IVOR GURIK! I'LL BE GLAD TO DROP YOU ASHORE!

FUNNY HOW THAT CREW OF WOLVES GAVE IN TO ONE MAN AFTER HE ONLY FIRED TWO SHOTS!

AND THOSE TWO SHOTS KILLED THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE WHO MIGHT HAVE HAD ANY INFORMATION ABOUT **PROJECT BLOWUP**! COULD THAT HAVE BEEN **DELIBERATELY DONE**?

A MAN WITH ONE EYE! COULD HIS GOOD EYE BE THE "EVIL EYE"? I ALWAYS FIGURED ENGLISH HARRY WAS **PROJECT BLOWUP**'S SECRET BOSS... BUT NOW I DON'T THINK SO ANY MORE!

SOON AFTER, TRASK BEGAN CHECKING UP ON GURIK AT SINGAPORE'S SECURITY CHIEF'S HEADQUARTERS!

ACCORDING TO OUR FILE, GURIK IS AN EXPORTER OF ORIENTAL NOVELTIES! QUITE WEALTHY, I GATHER!

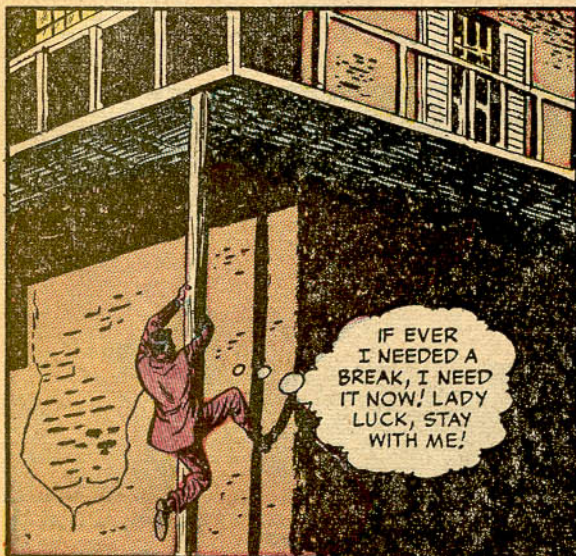
DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING ELSE ON HIM... ANYTHING AT ALL?

HERE'S SOMETHING! GURIK HAS BEEN GIVEN A PASSPORT TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES!

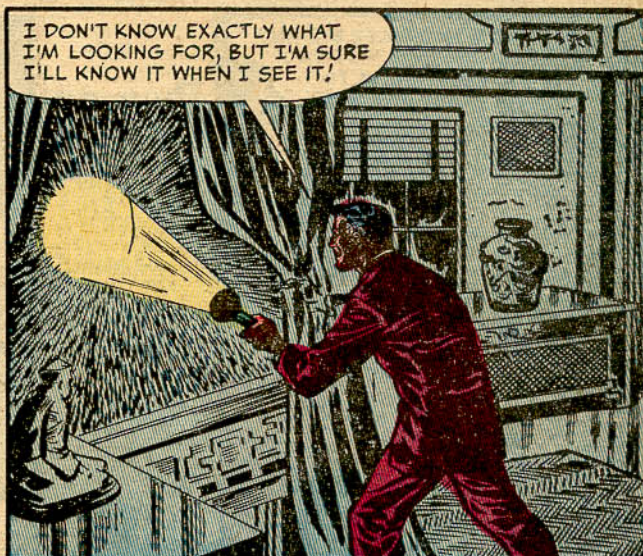
PASSPORT... TO AMERICA! IT ALL FITS! HE'S THE ONE... THE CHIEF WHO'LL CARRY THE PLANS OF PROJECT BLOWUPS!

TIME WAS RUNNING OUT! THE T-MAN KNEW HE HAD TO WORK FAST NOW!

I'LL HAVE TO DO A LITTLE SECOND-STORY WORK! SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO FIND THOSE PLANS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE AMERICA!



IF EVER I NEEDED A BREAK, I NEED IT NOW! LADY LUCK, STAY WITH ME!



I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR, BUT I'M SURE I'LL KNOW IT WHEN I SEE IT!

SUDDENLY, FROM A DRAWER'S DARK INTERIOR A BALEFUL EYE GLARES UP AT HIM!

MMM...THE PASSPORT PICTURE... A GLASS EYE! OF COURSE... THIS IS IT... THE ANSWER TO EVERYTHING! THE EVIL EYE!

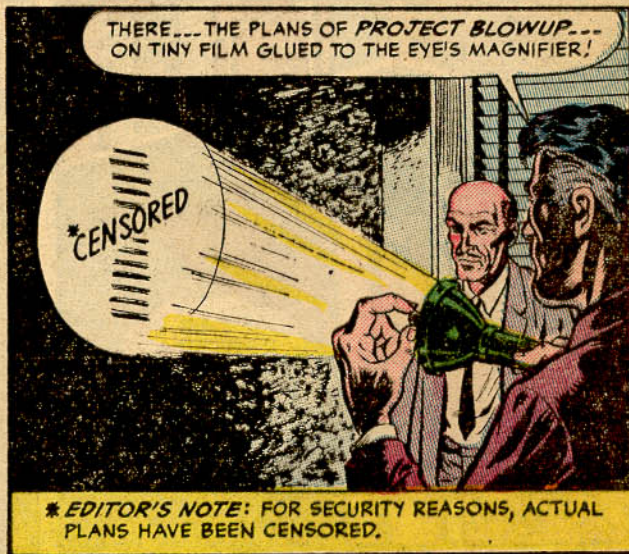


DON'T TOUCH IT, TRASK! CLOSE THAT DRAWER!





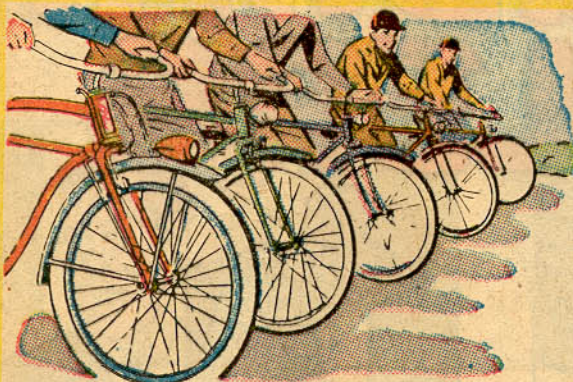
DEMONSTRATING FURTHER, TRASK HOLDS THE GLASS EYE OVER HIS FLASHLIGHT... AND THE GLASS EYE'S MAGNIFIER ACTS AS A PROJECTOR!



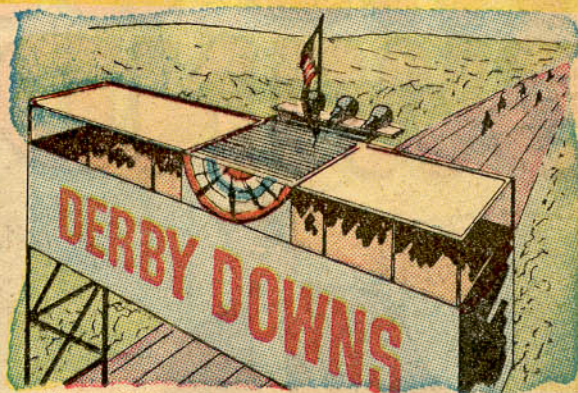
***EDITOR'S NOTE: FOR SECURITY REASONS, ACTUAL PLANS HAVE BEEN CENSORED.**



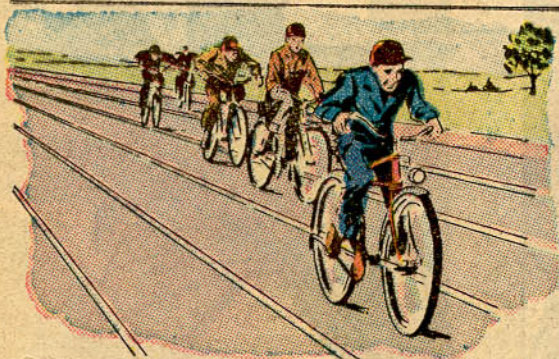
AMF *FLYING FALCON* with "Glidemaster Ride" wins coasting test in a flying finish!



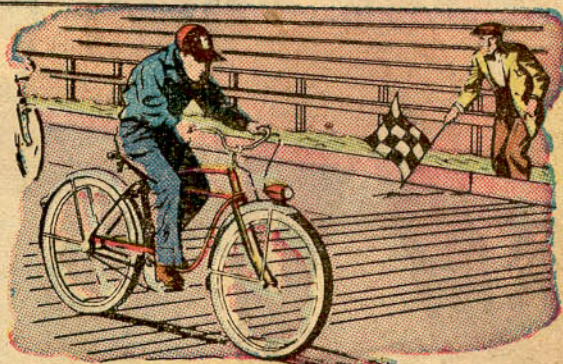
The starting line at Derby Downs, site of the famous all-American Soap Box Derby. 5 bicycles, including a lightweight, balloon-tire models and the Flying Falcon are lined up for the big coasting test.



They're off! It's pretty even in the beginning, but keep your eye on AMF Roadmaster's Flying Falcon with the gliding, swift, super-smooth "Glidemaster Ride"—the ride that's so excitingly different.



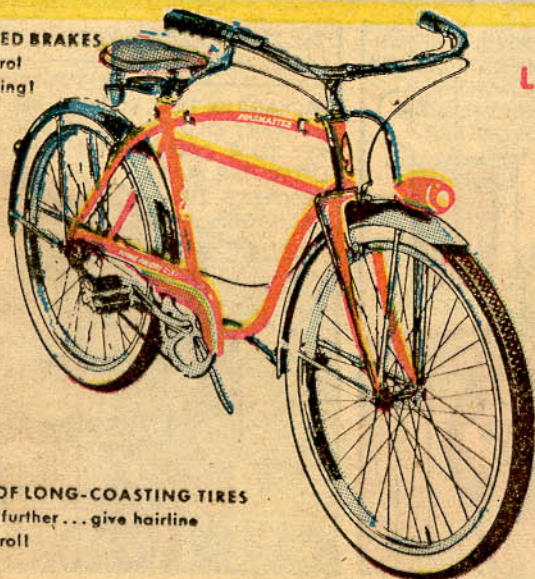
Now the Flying Falcon has pulled ahead! Its new kind of long-coasting tires (coast 65% further) plus 3-speed gear shift (easier pedaling up and down hills) are beginning to pay off.



Homefree all alone! The sensational winner, AMF Roadmaster's Flying Falcon glides to an easy victory, coasting 301 yards, 2 feet beyond the finish line. The lightweight coasted 287 yards, 1 foot and the best balloon model, 194 yards, 4 inches. Conclusive proof the Flying Falcon outcoasts them all!

HAND-OPERATED BRAKES

— finger-tip control
for instant stopping!



Look at these great features!

GEAR-SHIFT PEDALING EASE

— never known before on a balloon-tire bike!

BALLOON-TIRE RIDING COMFORT

— absorbs bumps before you feel them!

NEW KIND OF LONG-COASTING TIRES

— coast 65% further... give hairline steering control!



"The best of everything in bikes"

Another product of ... better by design

T-MAN

WHEN T-MAN COLLINS WAS GIVEN HIS ASSIGNMENT, IT SEEMED LIKE JUST ANOTHER COUNTERFEITING CASE... BUT THAT WAS BEFORE HE CAME UP AGAINST THE CLEVER TRUTH ABOUT...

THE SUBWAY SWINDLERS



IN THE SPRING OF 1933, A NEW YORK DETECTIVE CONTACTED TREASURY-MAN FLOYD COLLINS! BOTH TRAILED A NOTED CRIMINAL, PAUL WINSTON...

WINSTON'S BEEN SPLURGING CASH LIKE MAD! SO I FIGURED TREASURY OUGHT TO INVESTIGATE!

WINSTON'S A KNOWN PUSHER OF COUNTERFEIT MONEY! THANKS FOR THE TIP, OFFICER!



THE T-MAN KEPT WINSTON UNDER SURVEILLANCE, UNTIL...

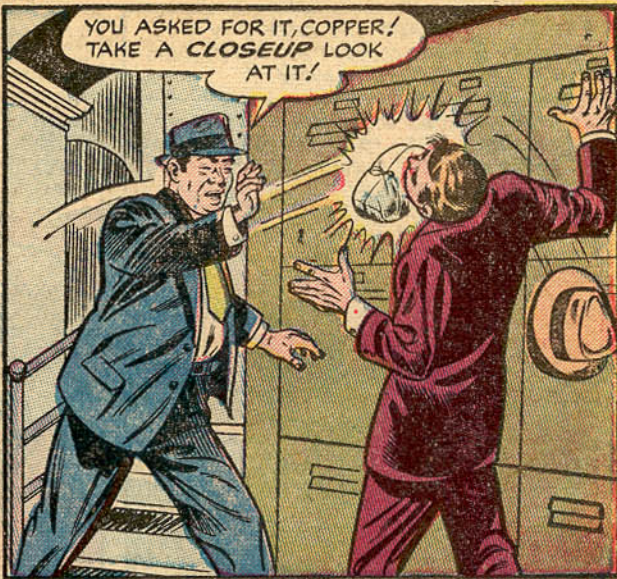
HE'S PUTTING A PACKAGE IN THAT SUBWAY RENTAL LOCKER! OLD TRICK! HE SELLS THE KEY TO A COUNTERFEIT BUYER AND LATER THE BUYER RECOVERS THE PACKAGE!



I'M FROM TREASURY, WINSTON!
LET'S HAVE THAT
PACKAGE!



YOU ASKED FOR IT, COPPER!
TAKE A CLOSEUP LOOK
AT IT!



CAN'T TAKE CHANCE OF BEING
BLOCKED BY THE CROWD...
MAKE BETTER TIME CUTTING
ACROSS THE SUBWAY
TRACKS!

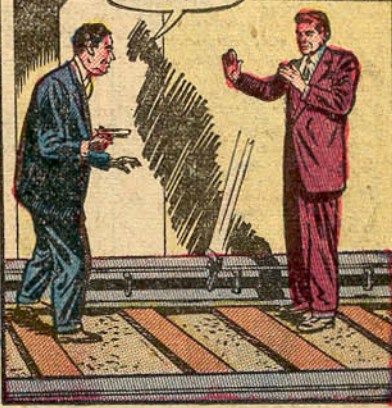


THE T-MAN TOOK UP THE MANHUNT
ALONG THE STRETCH OF LONELY
TRACK, WHEN THE WILY CRIMINAL
STEPPED FROM HIDING...

STOP RIGHT THERE,
T-MAN!
DROP
THAT GUN!



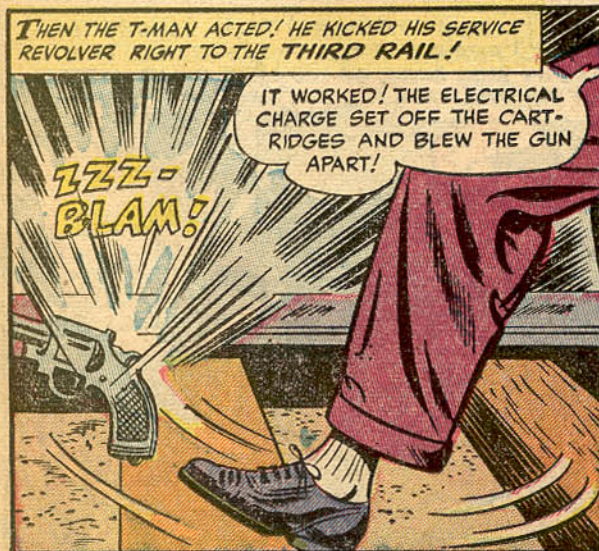
SORRY, COPPER... YOU AIN'T
EVER GONNA SEE WHAT'S IN
THIS PACKAGE! 'CAUSE IN A
SECOND YOU'RE GONNA BE
DEADER THAN A WOODEN
LEG!



THEN THE T-MAN ACTED! HE KICKED HIS SERVICE
REVOLVER RIGHT TO THE THIRD RAIL!

IT WORKED! THE ELECTRICAL
CHARGE SET OFF THE CART-
RIDGES AND BLEW THE GUN
APART!

ZZZ-
BLAM!



OKAY, WINSTON, YOU MUFFED
YOUR CHANCE! NOW I'M
TAKING YOU IN!



LATER, THE PACKAGE WAS OPENED IN A TREASURY CHIEF'S OFFICE! BUT, ASTONISHINGLY, IT DID NOT CONTAIN MONEY!

IT'S CRAMMED FULL OF **TOKENS**! TOKENS FOR SUBWAYS, BUSES, FERRIES...IN DIFFERENT CITIES ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES!

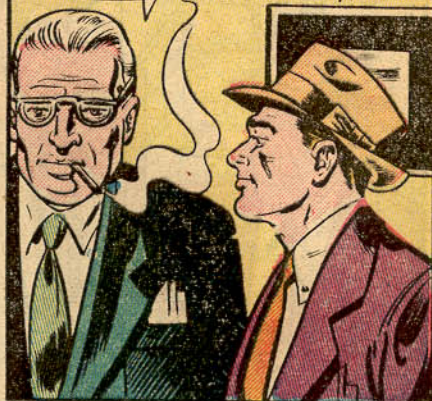


QUITE A TWIST ON THE COUNTERFEITING RACKET! WINSTON'S PALS HAVE PUSHERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY SELLING TOKENS TO BIG OPERATORS AT A FRACTION OF THE REAL TOKEN PRICE!



WE'VE GOT TO FIND WINSTON'S BOSS... AND WHERE THE STUFF IS BEING MADE! BUT WINSTON'S TOUGH... HE WON'T TALK!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA, CHIEF! LET'S **RELEASE WINSTON**!

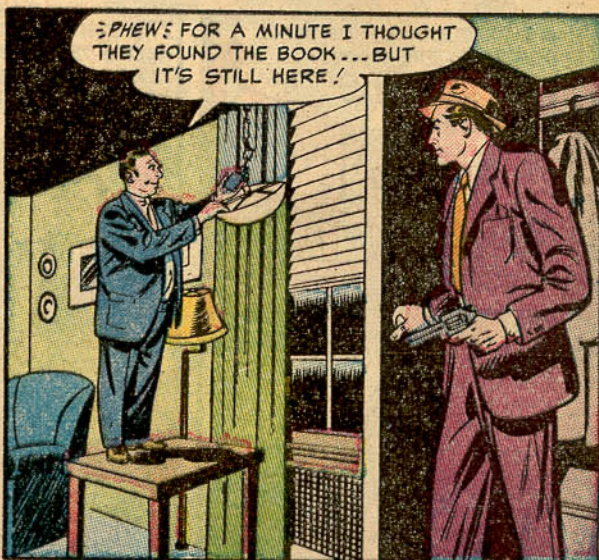


UPON HIS SURPRISING RELEASE, WINSTON RETURNED TO HIS APARTMENT...

THOSE CHUMPS...THEY COULDN'T HOLD ME! I... HEY... MY JOINT'S BEEN TURNED UPSIDE DOWN! WHILE I WAS IN STIR THOSE T-MEN SEARCHED MY PLACE!



SPHEW! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT THEY FOUND THE BOOK...BUT IT'S STILL HERE!



I FIGURED YOU'D HAVE INFORMATION HIDDEN SOMEWHERE! AND I KNEW YOU'D CHECK TO SEE IF IT WAS MISSING!

YOU... YOU TRICKED ME WITH THAT PONEY "SEARCH" GAG!

YOU... YOU TRICKED ME WITH THAT PONEY "SEARCH" GAG!



LATER... WHO'S "TIPPER FERRIS"? THE NAME'S IN YOUR BOOK, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL TALK!

OKAY...I KNOW I'M LICKED! I'LL TALK, BUT GIMME A BREAK, WILL YA? GIMME A BREAK!



HOPING TO GET A LIGHTER SENTENCE, WINSTON LED THE TREASURY MEN TO THE TOKEN GANG HEADQUARTERS...

THEY MAKE THE QUEER IN THERE...ON THE TOP FLOOR!

HMM! GOING TO BE TOUGH CRASHING IN! THIS BUILDING STANDS ALL ALONE! THEY'D BE SURE TO SPOT ANY OF US APPROACHING IT!



A SHOT OF TEAR GAS IN THAT WINDOW WILL BRING THEM OUT!

NAW! THEY GOT GAS MASKS STASHED AWAY!



NO USE TRYING SCALING LADDERS TO THAT TOP WINDOW! THEY'D STOP THAT EASILY!

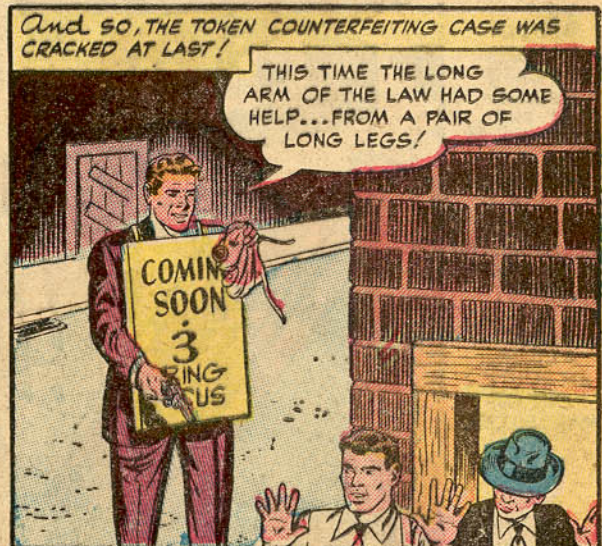
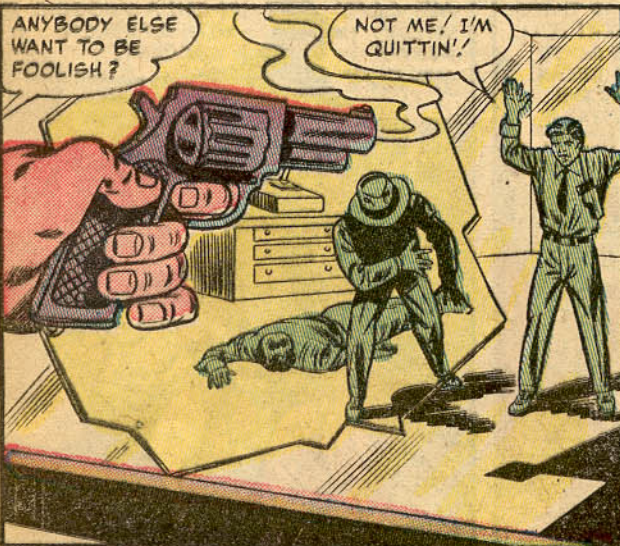
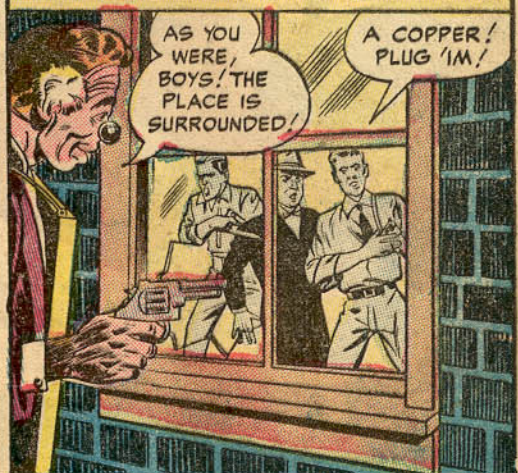
IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WAY OF REACHING THAT WINDOW WITHOUT AROUSING THEIR SUSPICIONS...



SOON AFTER, DELIGHTED LAUGHTER GREETED AN APPROACHING MAN ON STILTS...



THEN, AN ASTONISHING THING HAPPENED... THE STILT-WALKER SUDDENLY SMASHED THE COUNTERFEIT HANGOUT WINDOW!

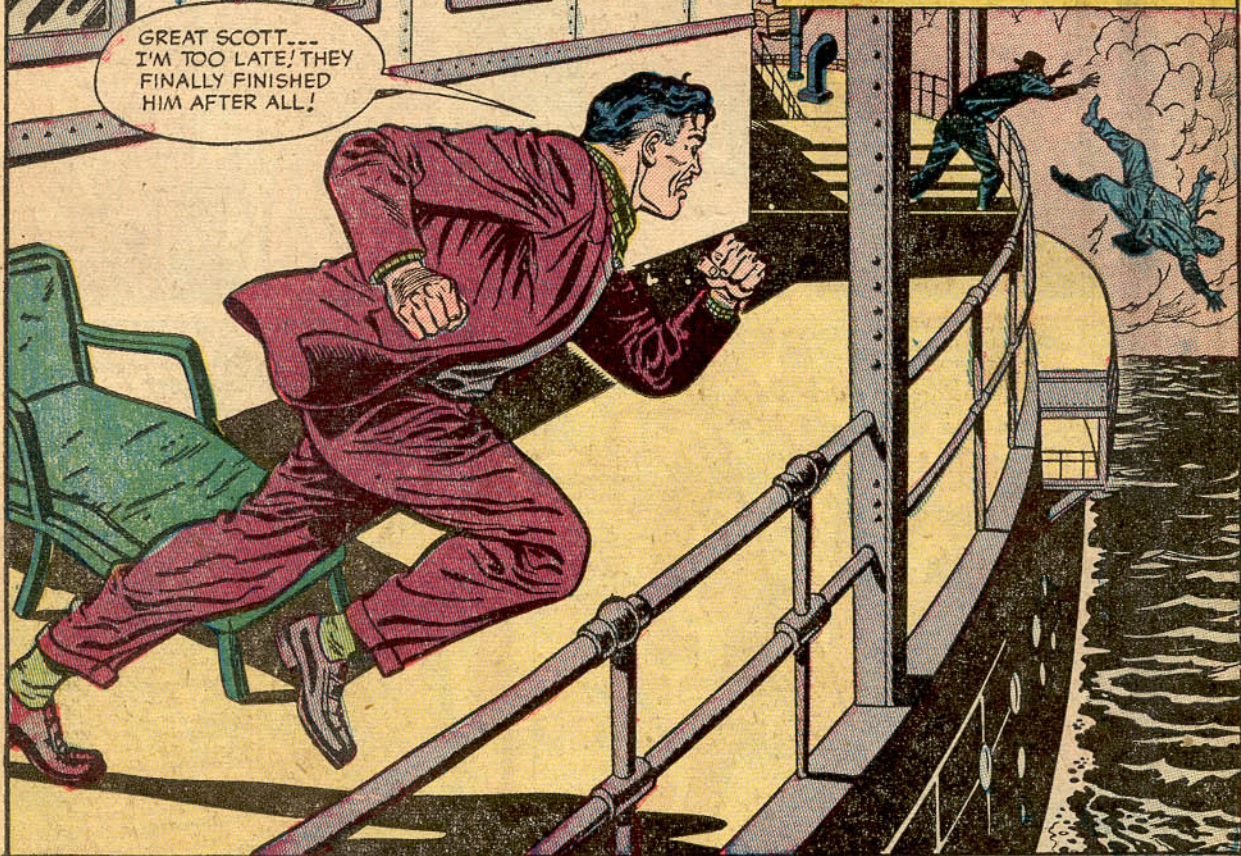


T-MAN

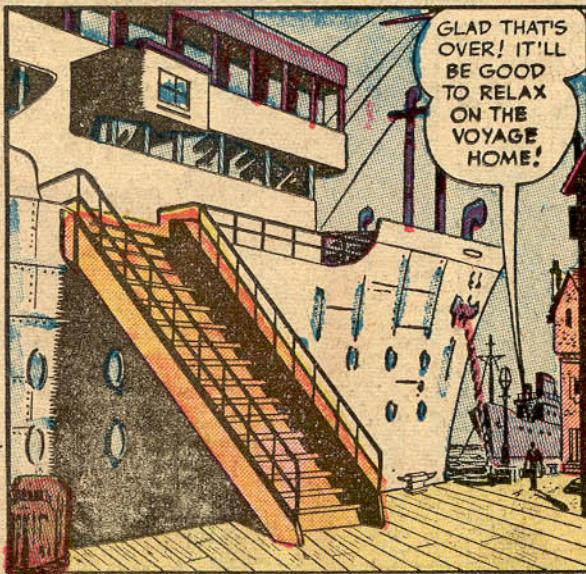
THE SHIP WAS CARRYING A CARGO OF TROUBLE... FOR MURDER WAS A STOWAWAY! AND TO PETE TRASK, ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER FOR THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT, IT MEANT A VOYAGE TO DESTINY AND A...

PASSPORT to DEATH

GREAT SCOTT... I'M TOO LATE! THEY FINALLY FINISHED HIM AFTER ALL!



ODDLY ENOUGH, THE CASE BEGAN AT THE COMPLETION OF ONE OF T-MAN PETE TRASK'S ASSIGNMENTS! HE WAS ABOUT TO BOARD A LINER, EN ROUTE OUT OF MARSEILLES...



GLAD THAT'S OVER! IT'LL BE GOOD TO RELAX ON THE VOYAGE HOME!

HE-ELP! MON DIEU! HE-ELP!

UH-OH! A MUGGING WITH A FRENCH ACCENT!

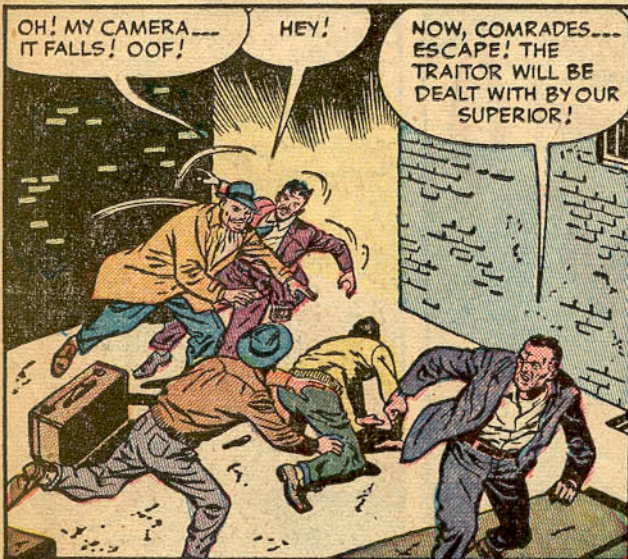




THE MARINES HAVE LANDED!



AND HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!



OH! MY CAMERA--- IT FALLS! OOF!

HEY!

NOW, COMRADES--- ESCAPE! THE TRAITOR WILL BE DEALT WITH BY OUR SUPERIOR!



I AM DESOLATE WITH SHAME, M'SIEU--- BUT MY CAMERA--- I DID NOT WANT IT BROKEN!

THE MUGGER CALLED HIS PALS, "COMRADES"! NOW WHY SHOULD SOME REDS WANT TO KNOCK OFF THIS CAMERA-BUG?



HOW ABOUT IT, MISTER? WHAT HAVE THEY GOT AGAINST YOU? DID YOU CROSS THE PARTY IN SOME WAY?

M'SIEU, I ANDRE VOLPE, AM INDEED GRATEFUL FOR YOUR HELP, BUT I CAN TELL YOU NO MORE! PLEASE---NO MORE, I BEG OF YOU!



THAT IS ONE VERY SCARED MAN! I COULD TELL HIM I'M A T-MAN, BUT THAT MIGHT MAKE HIM CLAM UP EVEN MORE! HMMM! I'D BETTER KEEP A SHARP EYE ON M'SIEU VOLPE!

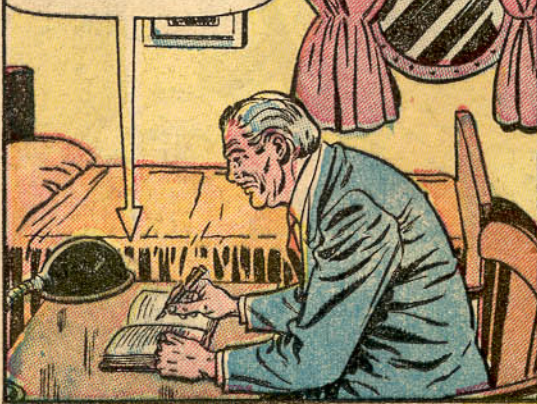


ONCE THE LINER WAS AT SEA, THE TREASURY MAN SENT A RADIO-GRAM TO HIS CHIEF WHICH WAS DECODED TO READ AS FOLLOWS---

TRASK REPORTING--- AM INVESTIGATING NEW CASE--- POSSIBLE RED PURGE OF EX-PARTY MEMBER---

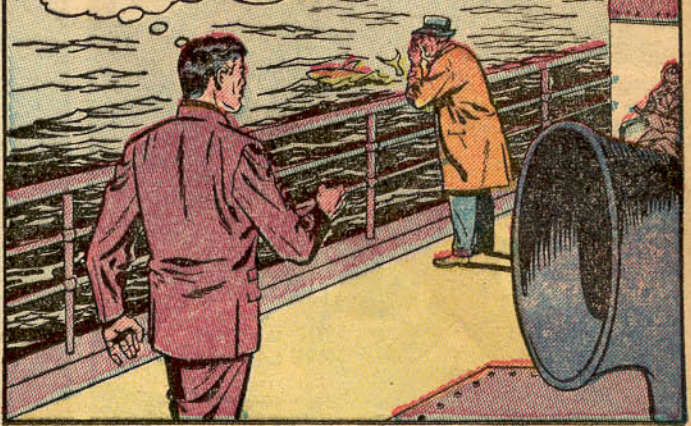
MEANWHILE, IN HIS STATEROOM, VOLPÉ MADE A SIGNIFICANT ENTRY IN HIS DIARY...

THEY'RE AFTER ME! BUT ABOARD THIS SHIP I AM SAFE! THE CELL LEADER CAN'T GET AT ME HERE!



THE NEXT DAY, AS THE LUXURY LINER PLOWED THE HIGH SEAS, TRASK SEARCHED FOR HIS QUARRY...

THERE'S THE SHUTTER-BUG AGAIN... AIMING HIS CAMERA AT EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!



OHHH!

WHAT TH...?! WHAT... OR WHO... DID VOLPÉ SEE THAT BROUGHT SUCH A LOOK OF HORROR ON HIS FACE?

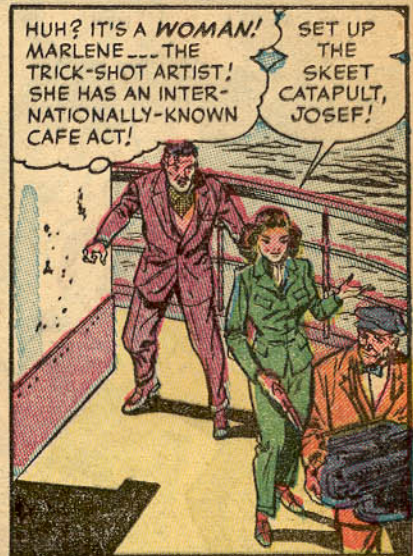


HE WAS LOOKING IN THIS DIRECTION! SO IT HAS TO BE THE MAN TURNING THAT CORNER!

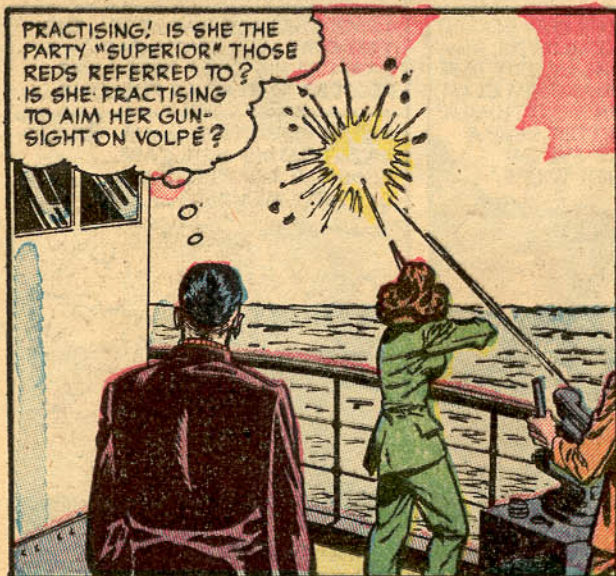


HUH? IT'S A WOMAN! MARLENE... THE TRICK-SHOT ARTIST! SHE HAS AN INTERNATIONALLY-KNOWN CAFE ACT!

SET UP THE SKEET CATAPULT, JOSEF!



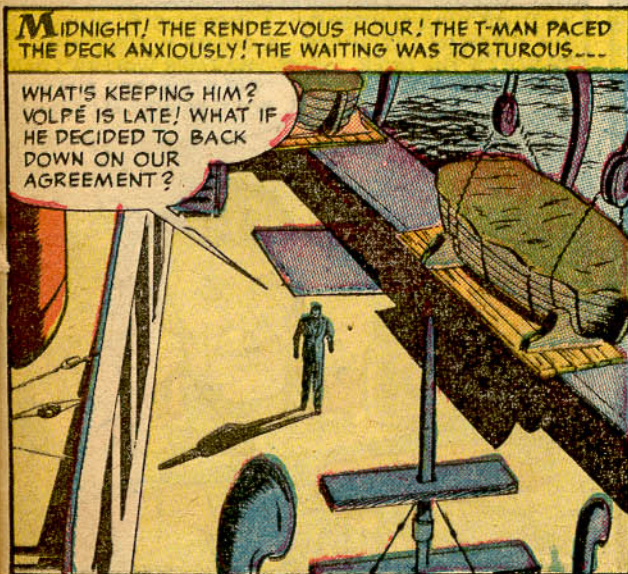
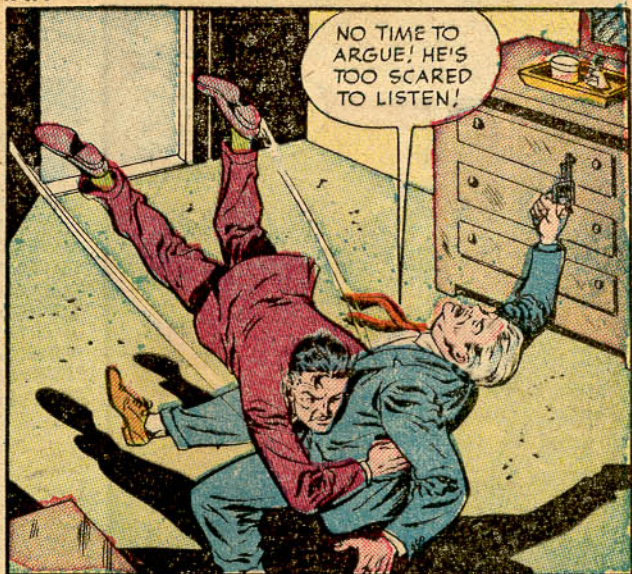
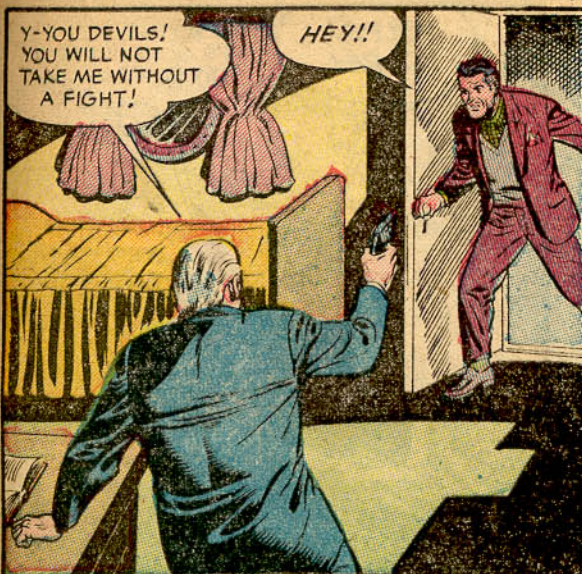
PRACTISING! IS SHE THE PARTY "SUPERIOR" THOSE REDS REFERRED TO? IS SHE PRACTISING TO AIM HER GUN-SIGHT ON VOLPÉ?



THE T-MAN SOUGHT OUT VOLPÉ, UNAWARE THAT ALREADY THE MAN WAS MAKING ANOTHER ENTRY IN HIS DIARY...

THE PARTY LEADER IS ON BOARD! THE LEADER IS DIABOLICALLY CLEVER! I AM A DOOMED MAN NOW!





Y-YOU DEVILS! YOU WILL NOT TAKE ME WITHOUT A FIGHT!

HEY!!

NO TIME TO ARGUE! HE'S TOO SCARED TO LISTEN!

YOU'VE GOT A FINE WAY OF SHOWING YOUR GRATITUDE, VOLPÉ!

OH! U.S. TREASURY BADGE! YES... I WILL TALK!

BUT NOT NOW! I MUST FIRST MAKE OUT SOME WRITTEN REPORTS FOR YOU! I WILL GIVE THEM TO YOU TONIGHT... MIDNIGHT... ON THE TOP DECK!

MIDNIGHT! OKAY! WE'LL BE ALONE AT THAT HOUR!

MIDNIGHT! THE RENDEZVOUS HOUR! THE T-MAN PACED THE DECK ANXIOUSLY! THE WAITING WAS TORTUROUS...

WHAT'S KEEPING HIM? VOLPÉ IS LATE! WHAT IF HE DECIDED TO BACK DOWN ON OUR AGREEMENT?

HE-ELP! NO... DON'T! AAGHH!

GREAT SCOTT!! VOLPÉ'S VOICE!

SPLASH!

MAN OVERBOARD! REVERSE ALL ENGINES! CHECK PASSENGERS AND SEE WHO'S MISSING!

I THINK I CAN TELL YOU THAT, CAPTAIN!

WITH THE CAPTAIN'S PERMISSION, THE AMERICAN AGENT WENT WITH A LOWERED LIFEBOAT! BUT THE SEARCH PROVED FRUITLESS...

VOLPÉ!
VOLPÉ!

IT'S NO USE, SIR! HE'S GONE UNDER BY NOW!

LATER, TRASK WENT TO WORK IN VOLPÉ'S STATEROOM---

FIND ANYTHING YET? A CLUE?

MAYBE! LOOKS LIKE HE KEPT A DIARY! PERHAPS A DEAD MAN CAN "TALK" AFTER ALL!

LISTEN---HIS LAST ENTRY! "TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT I WILL TELL TRASK EVERYTHING. I HOPE I LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT RED FASCISM."

POOR DEVIL! OBVIOUSLY HE TRIED TO QUIT THE PARTY BUT THEY THOUGHT HE WAS TOO DANGEROUS TO THEM ALIVE!

LOOKS THAT WAY! Hmm...THIS IS VERY STRANGE!

WHAT'S STRANGE?

EVERYTHING'S HERE BUT HIS CAMERA! IT CERTAINLY COULDN'T HAVE GONE DOWN WITH VOLPÉ! HE WOULDN'T BE CARRYING IT TO TAKE PICTURES BECAUSE IT'S DARK NOW! HMMM!

ANOTHER THING'S MISSING! THE SODIUM CHLORIDE TABLETS THE LINER ALWAYS SUPPLIES!

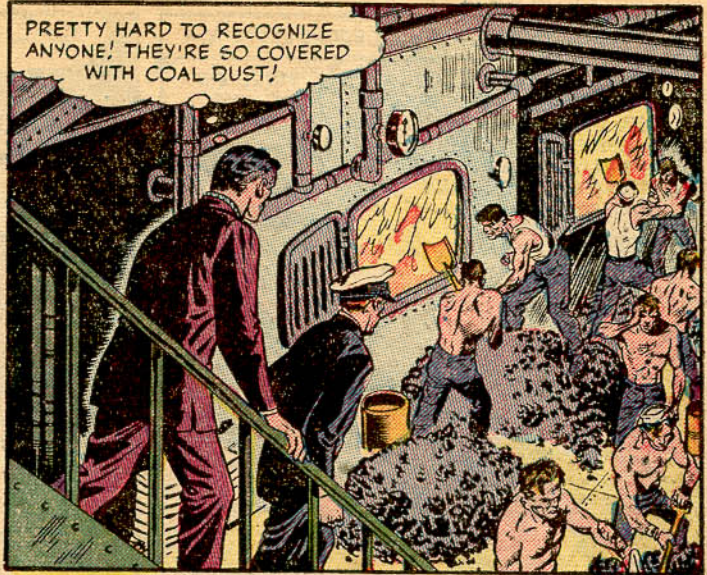
IMPOSSIBLE! SINCE WE'RE MOVING INTO WARMER WATERS I HAD THE STEWARDS PUT NEW BOTTLES INTO ALL CABINS!

IT HASN'T BEEN WARM ENOUGH YET FOR VOLPÉ TO HAVE USED UP THE TABLETS! CAPTAIN... I HAVE AN IDEA WHERE WE'LL FIND THEM!



PLAYING HIS HUNCH, PETE TRASK WENT BELOW DECKS TO THE ENGINE ROOM AND ITS FIERY FURNACES! HIS RESTLESS EYES PROBED THE COAL-GRIMY STOKERS...

PRETTY HARD TO RECOGNIZE ANYONE! THEY'RE SO COVERED WITH COAL DUST!



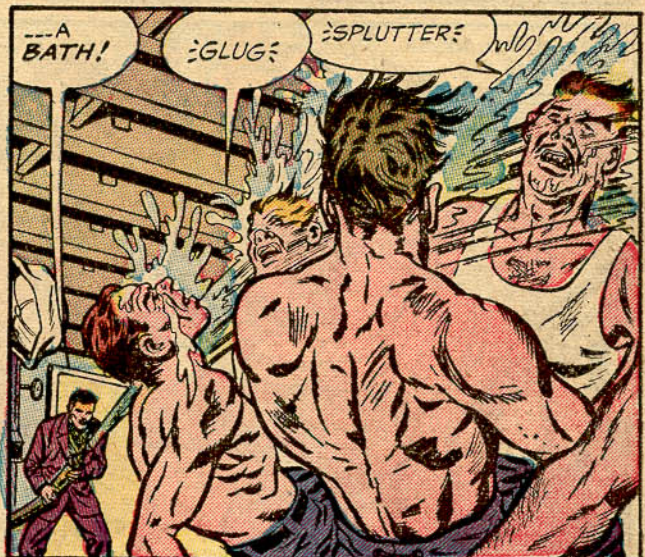
FIRE HOSE! JUST WHAT I NEED TO GIVE THEM...



...A BATH!

GLUG!

SPLUTTER!



BETTER TAKE THAT MAN'S NAME OFF YOUR CASUALTY LIST, CAPTAIN!

VOLPÉ!



VOLPÉ... HIDING OUT HERE? THEN WHO DROWNED?

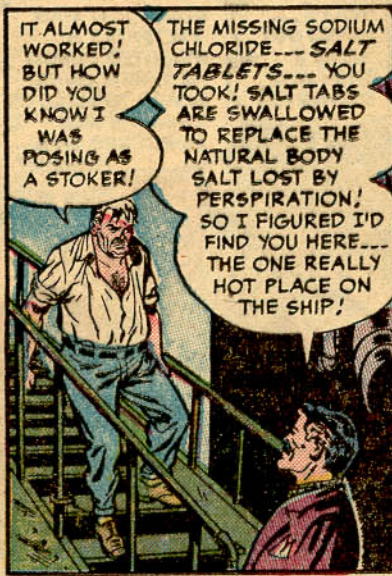
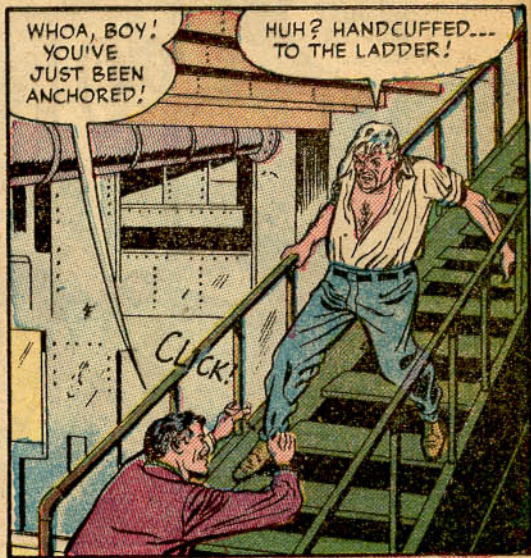
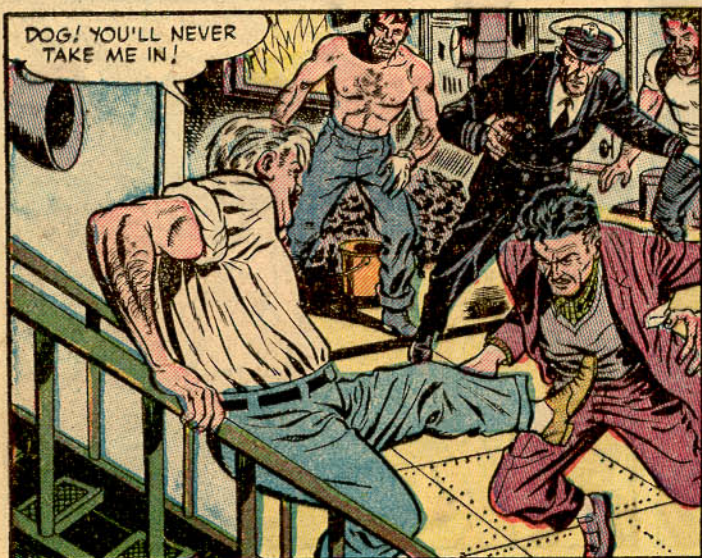
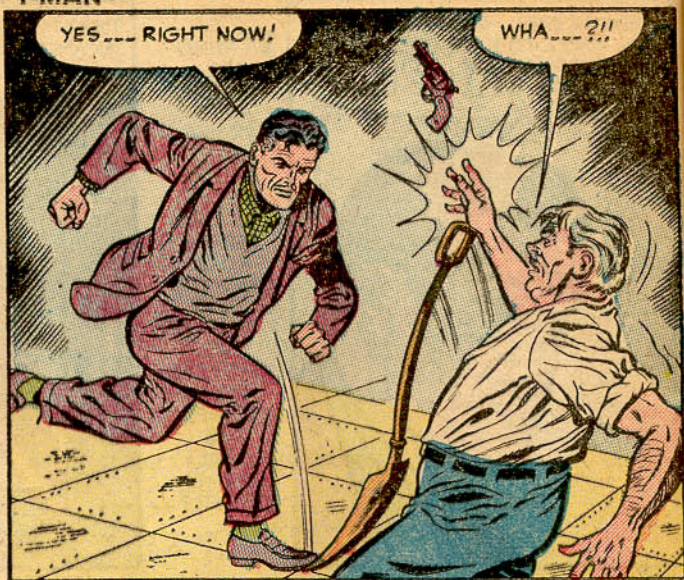
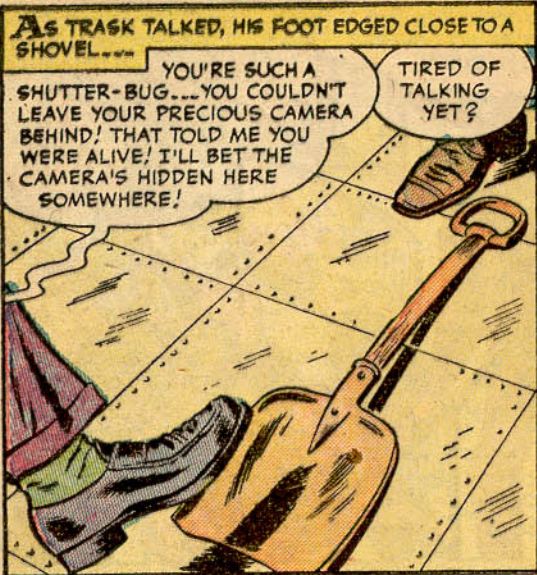
NOBODY! IT WAS PROBABLY A WEIGHTED DUMMY HE THREW OVERBOARD TO MAKE US THINK HE WAS MURDERED BY A COMMIE!



IT WAS ALL A FAKE, LIKE THE "DIARY"--- AND THAT STAGED "MUGGING"!...EVEN LIKE YOU PRETENDED TO BE SCARED OF MARLENE WHO'S NOT REALLY INVOLVED AT ALL!

I THINK OF EVERYTHING, M'SIEU... EVEN A GUN!





Dangerous Assignment

VIENNA was the city, and Mark Robbins had his work cut out for him. Cut from an atmosphere of murder and intrigue in this wide-open metropolis in which anything could, and usually did, happen. His orders were to find the scientist who left home on an unauthorized vacation and who carried in his head, the details of four years of secret research in the laboratories of the free nations. Mark was an agent who had instructions to bring back Walter Brunn. He could expect no support from his government and no interference if he got picked up by satellite authorities. It was a ticklish deal and it took a daring man to come out on top. Mark didn't look daring, in fact he looked like a timid sort. He was of average height, slight build, a nice, if very usual, face. But he spoke many languages, fluently, and he had the rare ability of fading into a group of people of almost any nationality, and not being noticed.

He entered Vienna by train, second class accommodations. His trips to London and Rome had revealed that Walter Brunn had been travelling in the company of another man, of indeterminate nationality. Evidently this man made all the reservations, issued all the orders, while the scientist appeared to relax and take it easy. Mark had informants of every sort; waiters, bellhops, reservation clerks, and occasionally, a beautiful woman. Up until his abrupt departure, Walter Brunn had been devoted to his wife and family, a man who loved his home. Now, rumor had it, that he was often seen in the company of an exotic brunette as well as his male companion. Mark Robbins, thinking of what he knew about the shy, retiring scientist, found it difficult to imagine him touring Europe with a latter day Mata Hari.

The grapevine went like clockwork in Vienna. In three days Mark established the fact that Walter Brunn was in Vienna and he had contacted an informant of dubious background who, for a large sum, claimed undying devotion to the cause of liberty. It was Jacque who discovered that Walter Brunn had been seen at the Cafe Metropole. He immediately got a job there as a waiter and that very evening, he called Mark Robbins at his second-rate hotel. "They just came in," he whispered into the phone, "Brunn, the woman and another man, a beeg man."

Mark hastily donned his evening clothes, collected a pretty female companion in an off the shoulder creation and arrived at the Cafe a short time later. Jacque waited on him and as he bent over the menu, he explained, "An argument. The beeg man and the woman. Brunn is like he is dazed. He pays no attention." Mark gave the order and then turned to his companion, "Greta, I'm going to leave the table briefly. During that time, you try and strike up a flirtation with the beeg man, as Jacque calls him." He sauntered out of the room and stationed himself near the entrance so he could watch the proceedings. At first, the man paid no attention to Greta's adoring gaze, he was too busy arguing with the brunette. Then finally, during a pause in the conversation, Greta caught his eye. The brunette simmered for a mo-

ment and then blew up. After a few more heated words, the man tapped Walter Brunn on the arm and the two of them got up to leave. The girl remained at the table. Mark strode back into the room, ordered Greta to make herself scarce and then with Jacque's assistance as note carrier, he joined the handsome woman at her table. She was so furious at her departed companion that it was with an obvious effort that she lent herself to even the lightest conversation with Mark.

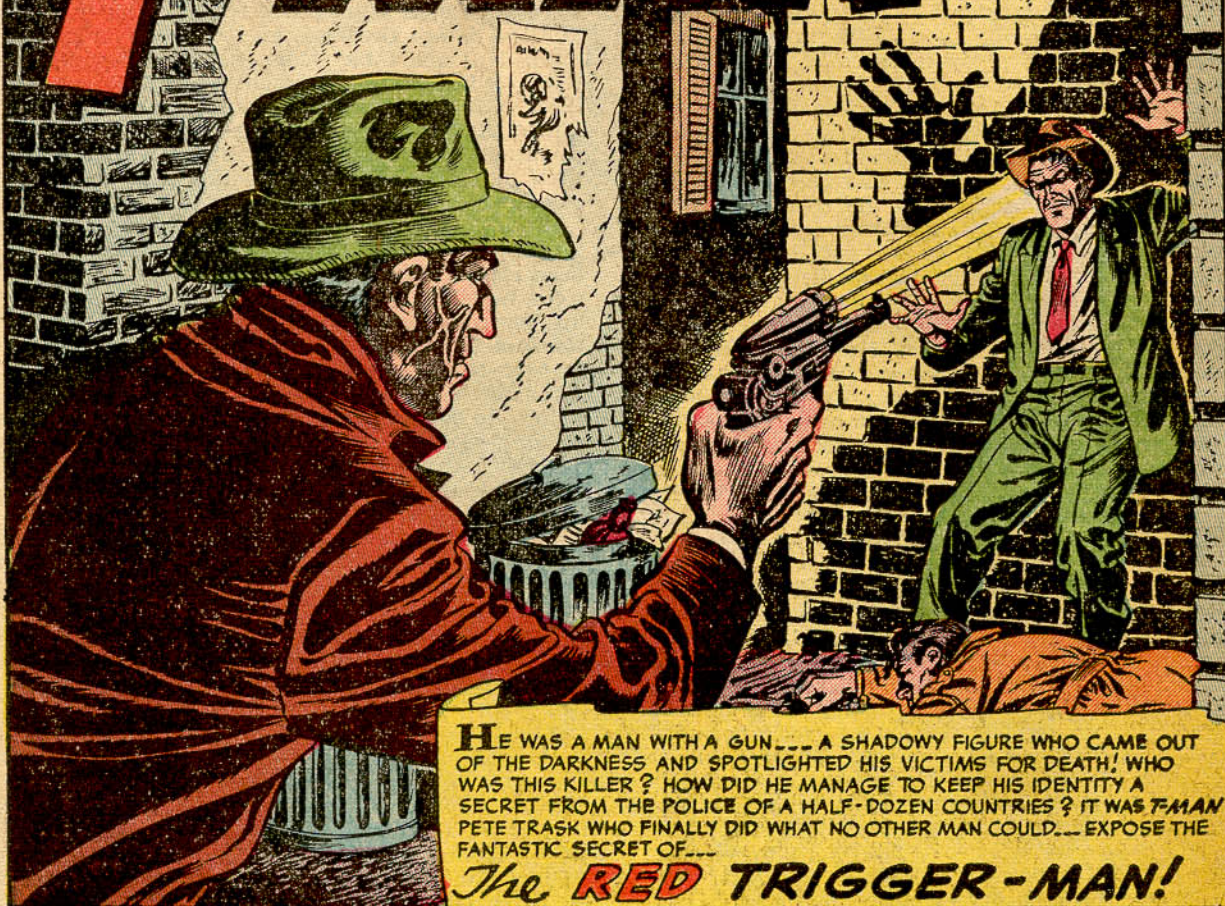
He waited until she had calmed down before he flashed his secret police credentials. They had been cleverly forged in his own country and they were, he felt, his ace in the hole. She straightened up immediately and identified herself as Marta Krasnik. Mark told her that he had instructions to take in her companion, while he, Mark, alias Anton Walchek, was to convoy Walter Brunn from Vienna to behind the iron curtain. Marta was now shaking with fear. She obviously believed that she and her man were to be punished for letting their love affair interfere with delivering Walter Brunn into the hands of the secret police before this. As she talked, Mark discovered that Brunn was kept under drugs and had said nothing that made sense to either of his two keepers, also that Marta had talked her lover into taking the long way around so that they could have more time together at the state's expense. The state's whole plan had been to make it look like Walter Brunn had voluntarily gone over to the other side.

As soon as he had the story, Mark ordered Marta to lead him to the hideout, and together they left the cafe. The cab took them across the city and Marta dismissed it on a corner. "We can walk from here," she said. Mark suspected that she would try to make a break for it and he was right. She dashed into the crowded street and as she did a big car headed for her. It struck her directly, then, jammed to a stop as her scream faded from the air and deliberately backed over her prostrate form. As the car escaped through the milling mob, Mark looked up at the building before him. The big man was hanging out the window, horror stricken. Mark ran up the stairs and hammered on the door. Finally the dazed Walter Brunn opened it, his companion was limp in a chair. Mark flashed his secret police credentials. They registered. The man got to his feet and listened to Mark's sharp orders. He hastily gathered together Walter Brunn's meager belongings, saluted and left the apartment with orders to report to his chief in the home country immediately.

After seeing what happened to Marta, the man needed no convincing. As Mark guided Walter Brunn to the airport on a devious route, he marveled at the speed with which the enemy had done away with Marta.

With Walter Brunn, it had been a kidnapping. He pulled out of his drugged condition after hospital treatment at home and told what little he could remember. Mark Robbins was commended for doing an able job and then he faded into the surroundings again, until it would be time for his next great performance.

T-MAN



PARIS!! MIDNIGHT... AND IN A DARK ALLEY TWO MEN KEPT AN APPOINTMENT... ONE WILL KEEP AN APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH!

ROBERT VALAINE?

OUI, M'SIEU! BUT BEFORE I SAY MORE I MUST VERIFY YOUR IDENTITY! YOU HAVE THE BIT OF CARD I SENT YOU?

YES... THE TORN EDGES MATCH PERFECTLY! IT IS THE CARD I SENT YOU! THEREFORE, YOU MUST BE THE AMERICAN AGENT... PETE TRASK!



FORGIVE ME, BUT SUCH PRECAUTION IS NECESSARY! I AM AFRAID, M'SIEU TRASK... BUT I AM WILLING TO RISK DEATH TO TELL YOU IMPORTANT INFORMATION!



SUDDENLY, THE INFORMER WAS TRAPPED, CAUGHT IN THE BEAM OF A FLASHLIGHT...

OH, NO... NO! THE PURGER!



AHGH! AH!

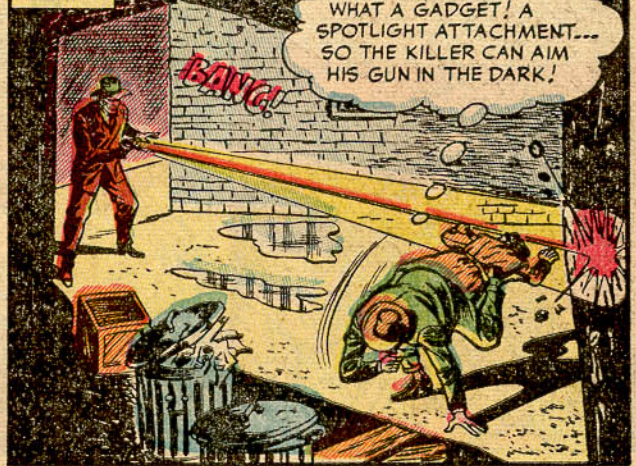
BANG!



I WAS NOT PAID FOR KILLING YOU, TOO, MR. TRASK... BUT I'M WILLING TO DO IT FOR FREE!

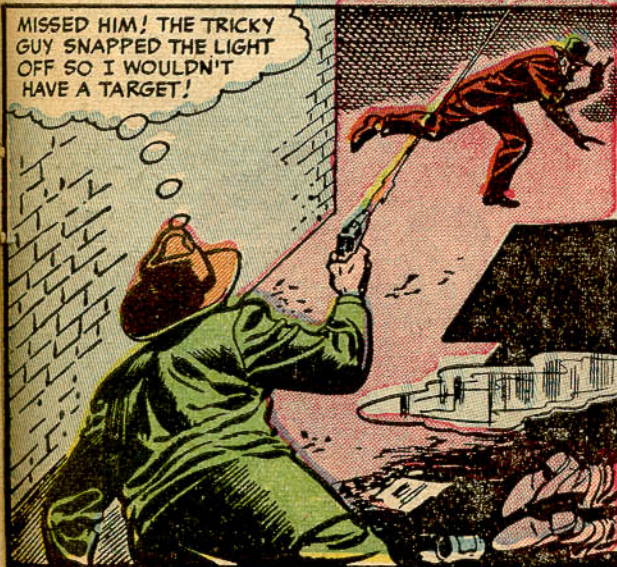


ONLY A SUPERBLY TRAINED BODY, CONDITIONED TO AVOID DANGER, COULD HAVE ELUDED THAT DARTING DEATH-LIGHT!



WHAT A GADGET! A SPOTLIGHT ATTACHMENT... SO THE KILLER CAN AIM HIS GUN IN THE DARK!

MISSED HIM! THE TRICKY GUY SNAPPED THE LIGHT OFF SO I WOULDN'T HAVE A TARGET!



HA, HA! CAUGHT PRETTILY IN THE LIGHT... LIKE A MOTH!



UHHH!

SOMETIME LATER, ONE OF THE STILL FIGURES STIRRED AND ROSE UNSTEADILY! IT WAS THE T-MAN!

LUCKY! I'M DARN LUCKY! **THE PURGER** THOUGHT HE FINISHED ME... BUT THAT SLUG ONLY GRAZED MY SIDE!



AFTERWARD, TRASK REPORTED THE INCIDENT TO POLICE INSPECTOR SIMONE...

WHO WAS THE GUY WITH THE SPOTLIGHT-GUN... **THE PURGER**?

HE IS WHAT YOU AMERICANS CALL... A **TRIGGER-MAN**... FOR THE PARTY! IT IS HIS JOB TO PURGE PARTY-MEMBERS WHO TRY TO QUIT AND INFORM... LIKE POOR VALAINE!



EACH TIME AN EX-PARTY MEMBER WAS ABOUT TO TALK, **THE PURGER** SHOT FIRST! HE STRUCK EVERYWHERE... BERLIN... ROME... STOCKHOLM... ISTANBUL... VIENNA... AND NOW, PARIS!



HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANYTHING ELSE ON HIM? HIS IDENTITY?

HE COVERS HIS TRACKS CLEVERLY! THE ONLY DEFINITE CLUE IS THE **RAGGED SCAR ON HIS FACE!**

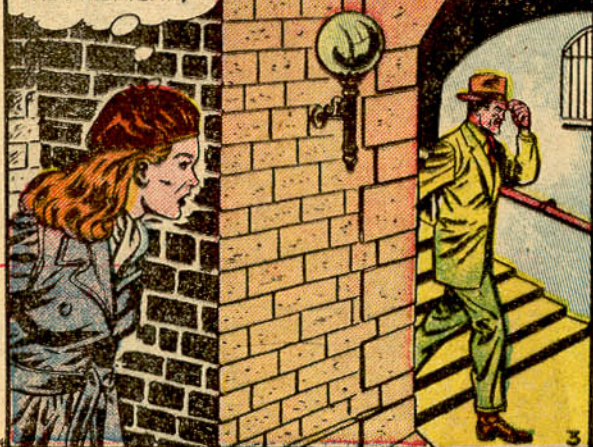


IT'S ODD! HOW DOES A MAN WITH SUCH AN IDENTIFIABLE SCAR MANAGE TO STAY IN HIDING... AND YET TRAVEL FROM ONE COUNTRY TO ANOTHER?



WHEN THE T-MAN LEFT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, HE WAS WATCHED INTENTLY!

THAT IS HIM... THE AMERICAN!

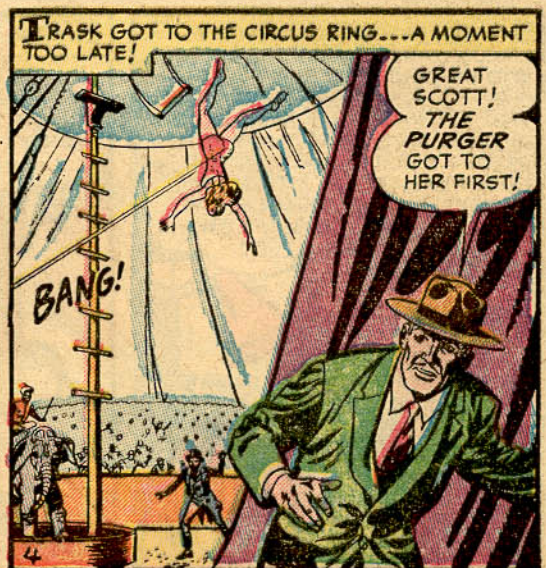
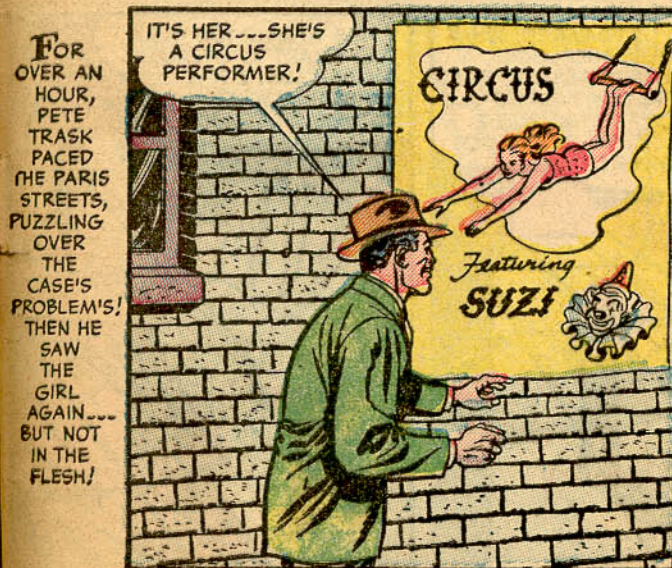


FOR A FEW BLOCKS, THE GIRL MANAGED TO KEEP ON TRASK'S TRAIL EASILY! AND THEN...

OHHHH!

OKAY, BROWN EYES... SUPPOSE YOU EXPLAIN WHY YOU'RE TAGGING AFTER ME?





DID YOU SEE HIM
RUN BACK HERE...
A SCAR-FACED
MAN?

NO! WE HAVE SEEN NO MAN
WITH SUCH A FACE!



POOR SUZI! POOR,
BEAUTIFUL SUZI!

SOMEBODY CALL THE DOCTOR!
I'M GOING TO CARRY HER INTO
HER DRESSING ROOM! SHE'S
STILL ALIVE!

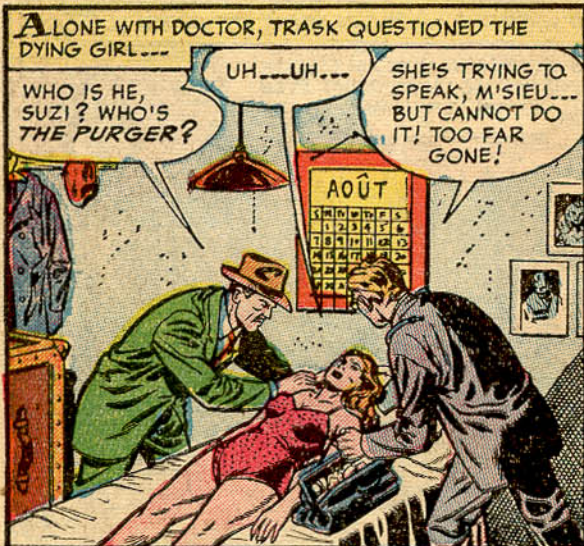


ALONE WITH DOCTOR, TRASK QUESTIONED THE
DYING GIRL...

WHO IS HE,
SUZI? WHO'S
THE PURGER?

UH...UH...

SHE'S TRYING TO
SPEAK, M'SIEU...
BUT CANNOT DO
IT! TOO FAR
GONE!



WITH HER REMAINING STRENGTH, SUZI MANAGED TO RIP
AWAY THE CALENDAR'S PAGE... AND THEN DIED!

SHE HAS TRIED TO TELL US
HIS NAME! THE FRENCH WORD
"AOUT"... WHICH IN ENGLISH
MEANS "AUGUST"!

THAT'S IT! THE KILLER'S
NAME IS AUGUST!



SWIFTLY, THE AGENT TOOK THE
CIRCUS OWNER, KAREL THE CLOWN,
INTO HIS CONFIDENCE...

THAT'S IT, KAREL!
IS THERE ANYBODY
IN YOUR CIRCUS
OUTFIT NAMED
"AUGUST"?

NO ONE,
M'SIEU... NO-
BODY WITH
THAT FOR
EITHER THE
FIRST OR LAST
NAME! I SWEAR
IT!



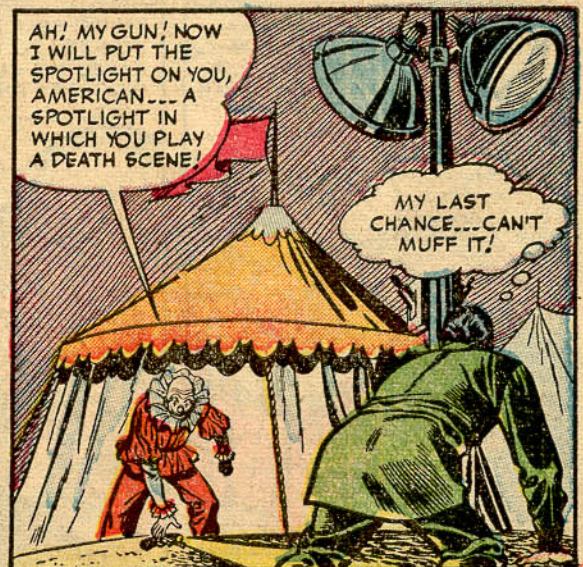
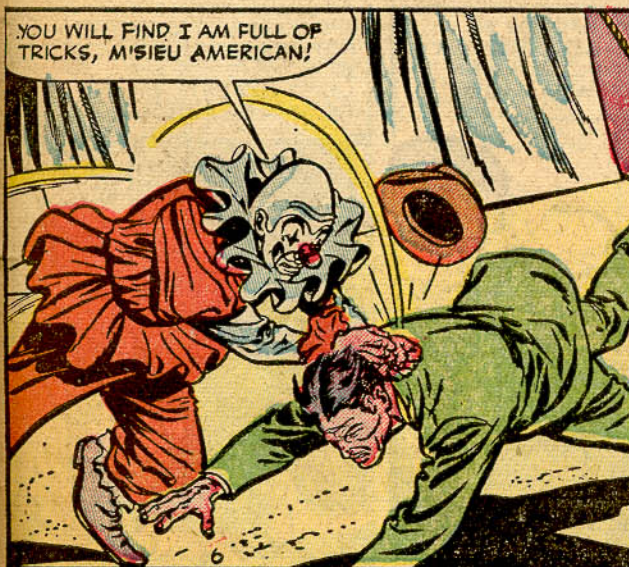
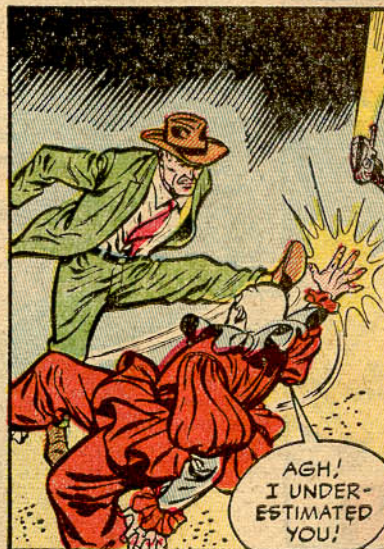
LATER...

I'VE FAILED! WHAT
A SHERLOCK
HOLMES I TURNED OUT TO BE!
HEY! "SHERLOCK HOLMES"...
SLANG FOR A DETECTIVE! I
WONDER...? YES... I'VE GOT
THE ANSWER!



I WAS AFRAID YOU WERE
TOO SMART TO OVERLOOK
SUZI'S CLUE! I WAS
EXPECTING YOUR
RETURN, MR. TRASK!



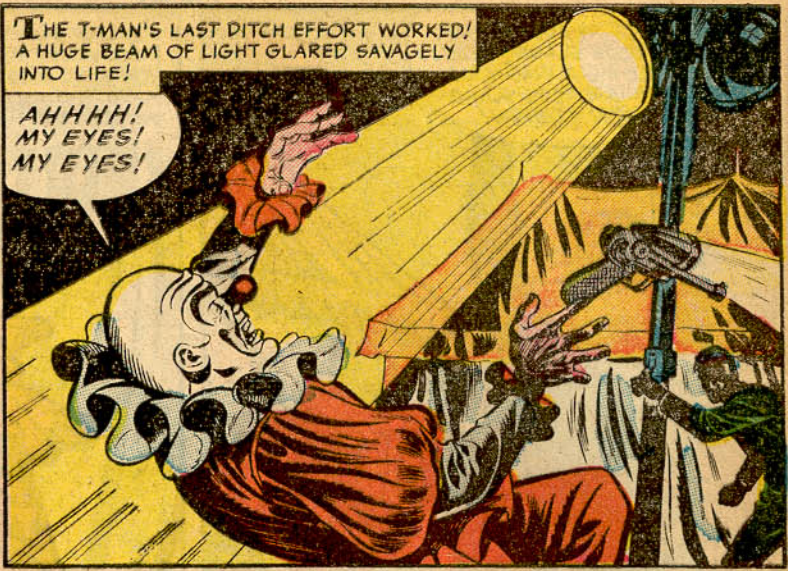


YOU LIKE PUTTING A SPOTLIGHT ON PEOPLE... HAVE ONE ON YOURSELF FOR A CHANGE!



THE T-MAN'S LAST DITCH EFFORT WORKED! A HUGE BEAM OF LIGHT GLARED SAVAGELY INTO LIFE!

AHHHH!
MY EYES!
MY EYES!



IF YOUR EYES BOTHER YOU OPEN, I'LL CLOSE 'EM FOR YOU!



LATER, WHEN THE KILLER-CLOWN WAS TAKEN INTO CUSTODY, THE T-MAN WROTE THE LAST CHAPTER TO THE STORY OF HIS MURDEROUS CAREER!

ALL RIGHT, INSPECTOR... TAKE A LOOK AT WHO WAS HIDING UNDER ALL THAT CLOWN WHITE!



THE PURGER!

SURE... AND WHO WOULD EVER SUSPECT A CLOWN... A CLOWN WHO CAN WEAR MAKEUP TO HIDE HIS SCARRED FACE FROM THE POLICE... AND CAN CROSS A COUNTRY'S BORDER WITH HIS CIRCUS!



STUPID POLICE! I HAD YOU ALL FOOLED! TO YOU ALL I WAS JUST KAREL THE CLOWN... THE MAN WITH THE FUNNY FACE! HA, HA!



IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER! NOT ANY MORE! YOU WON'T BE IN THE PUBLIC EYE... AT LEAST NOT UNTIL THE DAY OF YOUR EXECUTION!

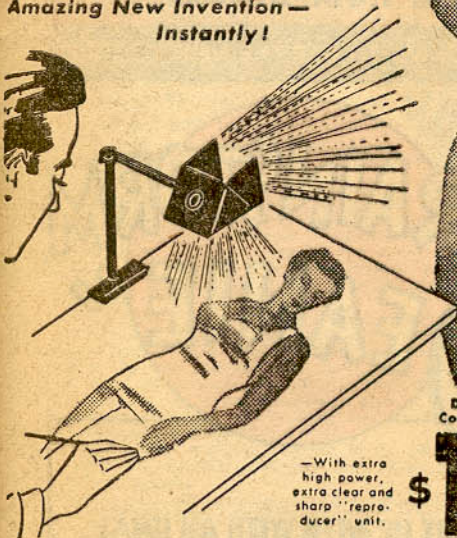


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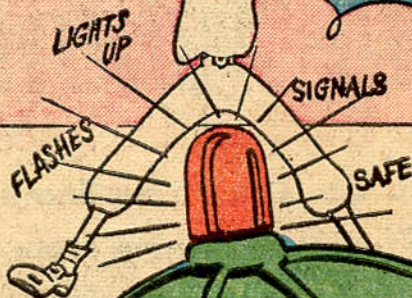
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- ★ SEND SECRET MESSAGES!
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SPECIAL!

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UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

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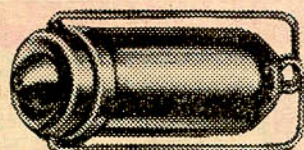
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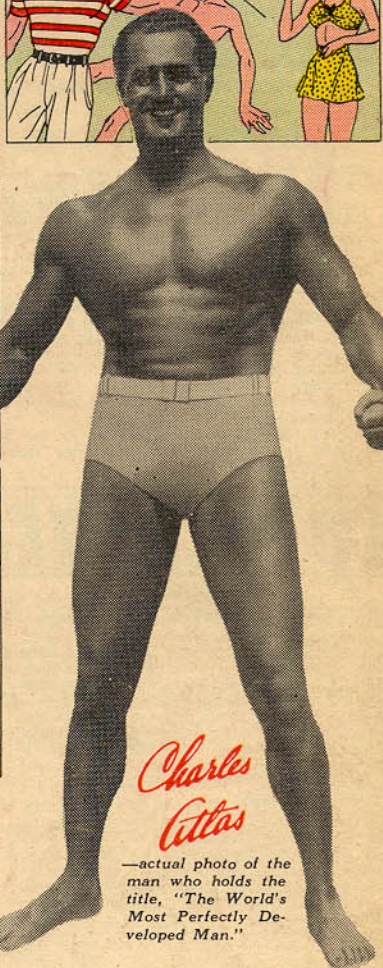
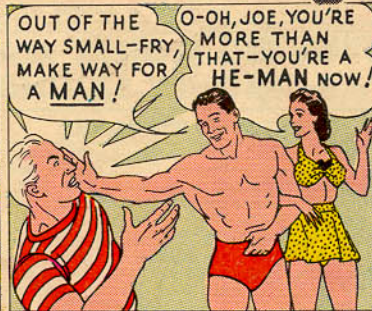
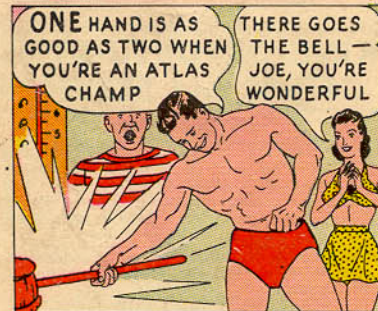
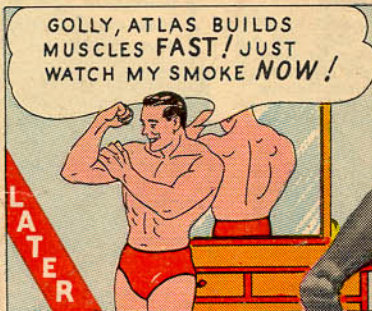
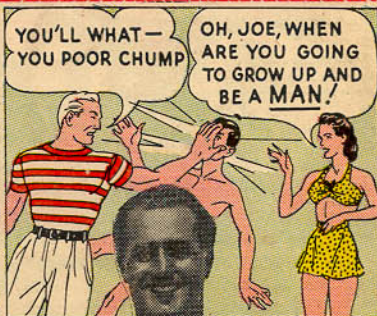
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